

A STORY OF GRIT ON THE COLLEGE FIELD!  
GOOD STORIES  
**FRANK MANLEY'S WEEKLY.**  
OF  
YOUNG ATHLETES.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1906 by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

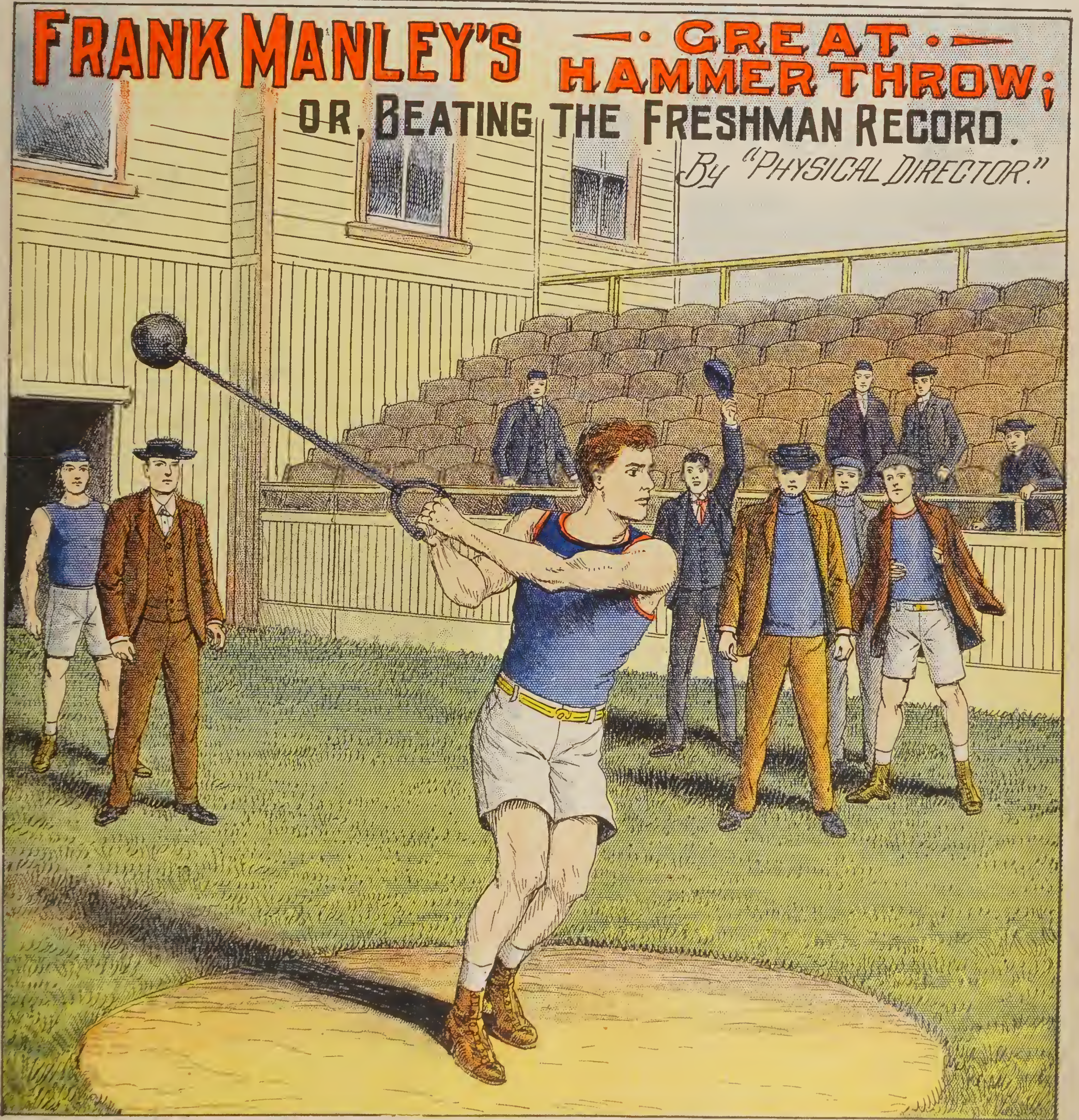
No. 31.

NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1906.

Price 5 Cents.

**FRANK MANLEY'S** —• **GREAT** —•  
**HAMMER THROW;**  
OR, BEATING THE FRESHMAN RECORD.

By "PHYSICAL DIRECTOR."



At the third swing, rapidly revolving on his left foot, Frank let the hammer whizz! "Whew!" gasped Trainer Mack. "There goes our freshman record—smash!" It was a magnificent throw!





# Frank Manley's Weekly

## GOOD STORIES OF YOUNG ATHLETES

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NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1906.

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# Frank Manley's Great Hammer Throw;

OR,

## BEATING THE FRESHMAN RECORD.

By "PHYSICAL DIRECTOR"

### CHAPTER I.

#### WHERE WAS HEK OWEN?

"Whew! That was hot work!"

Frank Manley stood just outside the Yale "cage" in back of the gym.

"It's tough to work in the cage in this kind of weather," grumbled Joe Prescott.

"But what are we to do, when the 'Varsity nine has the big field for practice?" Tod Owen wanted to know.

"Do you care to know what I think?" smiled Hal Spofford.

"Well?" chorused Joe and Tod.

"We're lucky enough to have a good show of making the freshman nine, without kicking about a little perspiration."

"That's right," nodded Frank. "It wasn't so very long ago that we were wondering if we could make the freshman nine. We were baseball crazy, without having any idea whether we could make the nine at all. Now, we won't grumble. Me for the gym, for a hot shower and a swim. Any one going with me?"

"All of us, I reckon," grunted Joe.

"Owen? That's Owen right over there—the big fellow!" sounded a voice close at hand.

"Who's calling for me?" Tod demanded, turning quickly.

"Me," answered a uniformed messenger boy, coming up, book in hand.

"Message, eh?" Tod demanded.

"Yep."

"Anything to pay?"

"Nope."

"That's lucky," Tod commented. "I haven't a cent in these ball togs."

"Sign here."

Tod signed, then tore open the telegraph envelope.

For an instant he glanced at the sheet with widening eyes. Then:

"Whoop!"

"Good news?" asked Frank.

"Good?" echoed Tod. "It's great. Listen to this:

"Tod Owen, Yale, New Haven:

"Look for me on eight o'clock train from New York.

"HEK OWEN."

Waving the telegram aloft, Tod demanded, excitedly:

"Is that good news, fellows?"

"Say!" quivered Hal.

"Bully!" ejaculated Frank, his eyes shining.



"That's the goods, Tod, old fellow," uttered Joe. "And so, by the way, is your father. He's all the goods in the bill of lading."

"Eight o'clock?" Tod went on, almost dancing. "Whee! I can hardly wait!"

"You might as well," laughed Frank. "To kill time, I suggest that you still take the shower and swim, and that after that you go with us to Commons and put down a good supper. There's time for it all, and then a mighty slow walk to the depot before the train gets in."

"Well, I guess so," muttered Tod. "Eight o'clock, any way you can fix it, is still two hours away."

The other youngsters were scarcely less excited than was Tod himself.

Hek, of course, was Tod's father, but had been much more than that in the history of these boys.

Back in the old academy days, when Tod had captained the Bradford Junior Athletic Club and Manley had led the famous Woodstocks, old Hek Owen and his long purse had stood right behind the Bradfords.

More than that, in the days when Tod had been a slipper, dishonest and mean fellow, with a disposition to do all kinds of meannesses to Frank and to the Woodstocks, old Hek had ever stood forward for fair and honest sport.

Hek had done all in his power to whip Tod into line, even to taking Frank's part in disputes between the young captains.

Had it not been for Hek, and for what he stood in the way of fair and honest sport between the two clubs, there would have been a split between Bradford and Woodstock.

When, at last, Tod had grown to see that Frank's manly, straightforward ways were the best in sport, Hek had been more delighted than any one else.

"Won't it seem great to have that jolly old brick with us?" asked Frank, as he splashed under the shower in the gym bathroom.

"What's that?" asked Tod.

"Frank merely said," replied Hal, mischievously, "that it was too bad to have a meddling old stick like your father come nosing around."

"You're a liar by the clock," rejoined Tod, evenly. "Frank appreciated my father long before I did myself."

"Wonder how long he'll stay over in New Haven?" Frank asked.

"No telling," Tod rejoined. "Probably not for long. Dad's restless. He'll soon want to be on the jump again."

"I see us all slacking up at recitations for two or three days," hinted Joe.

"Recitations?" Tod retorted. "I'm going to get excused from attending any while dad's here."

"No, you won't," Frank smiled. "Your father'd be the last to stand for that. He sent you to Yale to learn something. You've got to work hard, Tod, and be a Yale honor man, or have trouble with your father later on."

The youngsters passed on to their swim, dressed, and then went to supper in the great dining-room at Commons.

Afterward they passed on to their rooms at Pierson. Then they walked rapidly down to the railway station.

They got there at quarter to eight.

Tod could not stand still for impatience, but walked up and down the platform.

Truth to tell, the other boys were scarcely less excited.

"We've got to plan some way to give your father a jolly, rousing good time," Joe suggested.

"Oh, you won't get the chance," Tod grinned. "You know dad. You can gamble that he'll just about get here with the pockets of his best suit of clothes lined with green-backs. He has it all figured out, by this time, how he's going to give us a good time, instead of letting us play the host."

Twenty times in those fifteen minutes Tod pulled out his watch and looked at it.

But at last the big Springfield express, on time to the minute, appeared and rolled slowly in at the platform.

"Come on," cried Frank, leading the way toward the rear of the train.

"Come back, you goats!" derided Tod. "What are you headed that way for? Don't you know that dad always goes in for the best? You'll find him on one of the parlor cars up forward."

Like sheep, Tod's three friends lined up near the rear steps of the last Pullman in the train. Here they could watch all the passengers who descended.

Several came, at first, but no Hek among them.

Then the number of passengers began to dwindle.

Where could Hek be?

"Great Dewey! I'm not so sure about the Pullman as I was," gritted Tod. "I wonder if he came on the day coach?"

"I'll run back and see if I can find him," volunteered Frank.

"I'll go with you," offered Hal.

Joe stayed with Tod.

The Pullman conductor was approaching. To that functionary Tod put several hurried questions.

"No; no man of that description traveled in the parlors to-night," the conductor replied.

"Sure?" urged Joe.

"Positive," the conductor replied.

"Whew!"

Both young freshmen now ran hastily back to where Frank and Hal were scanning the day coaches.

While Hal still looked, Frank was interviewing the train conductor.

"Why, yes," replied that latter. "I'm pretty sure your man came down. He sat in about the middle of the second day coach."

Frank leaped up to the platform, but there was no Hek Owen inside.

In fact, all of the passengers destined for New Haven had already left the train.

"I'm off for the cab-stand," breathed Tod, excitedly. "You fellows circulate through the station."

But, though Frank, Hal and Joe swiftly looked everywhere, they came through at the back of the station without having had any glimpse of Hek Owen.



"Say," greeted Tod, running up to them. "dad took a cab, as near as I can find out. We missed him—like a lot of chumps! Oh, he'll string us for this!"

"Where did the cab take him?" Frank demanded.

"Why, the driver who told me didn't hear him give the order."

"It won't be a long hunt," Frank smiled. "Most likely your father went to the New Haven House. If he didn't, we'll find him at Pierson ahead of us."

"Pile in, then," ordered Tod, pushing his friends into the nearest cab.

Then, to the driver, young Owen ordered:

"To the New Haven House, and go fast!"

They reached the hotel, only to find that Hek was not registered there.

"Frank, you and Hal wait here," begged Tod. "Joe and I'll take the cab and go on to Pierson. Oh, how dad'll string us!"

Frank and Hal settled down on office seats from which they could see any one approaching the hotel desk.

Nearly a half hour passed before Tod and Joe came hurrying in again.

"Seen dad?" was Tod's breathless greeting.

"Not a sight," Frank retorted.

Tod stared blankly at them.

"Why, where on earth can dad be?" burst, tremulously, from the big freshman's lips.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE MISS BECOMES A MYSTERY.

"We'll find him soon," smiled Frank.

"Lord, I hope so," cried Tod, uneasily.

"Oh, he hasn't come to any grief," Joe assured the uneasy son. "Your father is big enough, and hard-headed enough, to take care of himself."

"Did it ever strike you," demanded Tod, "that it's always the men who would be expected to take care of themselves that always get into trouble?"

"Nonsense," said Hal, soothingly. "Your father simply missed us at the depot, and went to some other hotel instead of this."

"We can soon find out," hinted Frank. "We can 'phone the other hotels."

Outside of the New Haven House there were not many hotels in town where a man of Hek Owen's wealth would be likely to stop.

Quick calls over the wire were made on all the few hotels of the better kind.

But Hek was not at any of them.

And Hal, who had remained near the office desk while the others were telephoning, reported no sign of the old man in the meantime.

"One more look-in at Pierson, then," gasped Tod. "Come on, Joe."

But in twenty minutes the two roommates were back again, still with no news of the missing Hek.

"And dad has been in town nearly an hour and a half now!" groaned Tod.

"We're all a lot of chumps," Frank broke in, disgustedly. "The cabman who took your father, Tod, must be back at the depot by now. Why didn't we think to go down to the depot and question him?"

"Well, we are slow!" Tod admitted, disgustedly. "Come on!"

Back into Tod's waiting cab they all piled.

They were very soon at the depot.

Here Tod had no difficulty in picking out the driver who thought he had seen Hek driven away.

"It was Zeb Johnson's cab," the man informed them. "License 44."

"Where's Zeb Johnson, then?"

"Why, he hasn't been back."

"Hasn't returned in the hour and a half since he went away with my father?" Tod insisted.

"Nope."

"That's mighty strange!"

"Not a bit queer," disputed the driver. "Zeb may have left his fare somewhere and then picked up another fare. He wasn't obliged to come back here."

There was a good deal of truth in this, but Tod looked worse than uneasy over this failure to get on the track of his missing father.

"I don't know what to do," groaned young Owen.

"Want a suggestion?" Frank asked.

"Yes; of course."

"Then let Hal go to the New Haven House and wait. Once in a while he can telephone the other hotels. Let Joe go to Pierson and keep an eye over the rooms. You and I, Tod, can stay here and wait for Zeb Johnson."

"That's the clearest-headed thing we can do," Tod admitted. "Hal and Joe, are you willing?"

Were they willing? They stood ready to do anything whatever that would make the situation easier.

Left to themselves, with a description of Zeb Johnson, Tod and Frank put in a mighty slow hour at the depot.

What on earth could have happened?

For Johnson was not yet back, nor heard from in any way.

"I hate to do it," muttered Frank. "But perhaps we'd better."

"What?" demanded young Owen.

"Telephone police headquarters."

"Good heavens! You don't think——"

"I don't think anything," Frank broke in, simply. "But we'd better see if there's any news."

"I hate the idea of sending out a police alarm for dad," Tod muttered.

"Perhaps we won't have to," Frank replied. "Come along to the 'phone and I'll show you how to send an inquiry."

The two young freshmen huddled into a telephone closet.

Frank got the operator at police headquarters, and then



inquired if the police had any information as to Zeb Johnson's cab.

"What do you know about Zeb Johnson's cab?" came back the query from headquarters.

"We take a great interest in a fare that Johnson had to-night," Frank declared.

"Hold the wire a minute, then."

So Frank waited, the receiver at one ear, while Tod stood fidgeting by.

There was a tap on the closet door.

Tod swung the door open. A uniformed policeman stood just outside.

"You! Yes, I want you," nodded the policeman, gruffly.

"Want us?" echoed Tod, his face a study of amazement.

"What on earth do you want us for?"

"Just telephoning headquarters, wasn't you?" queried the officer.

"Yes; of course."

"Then you're the ducks I want. Come along!"

"But what for?" breathed Tod, as he stepped out of the closet, followed by our hero.

"Don't know," replied the policeman, "and don't care. I have my orders. That's enough for me."

Placing himself between the boys, and gripping a sleeve of each, the policeman led them through the station.

"See here," Tod demanded, as they reached the rear platform, "you're not going to march us through the streets, are you?"

"Of course," gruffed the officer. "You didn't expect a carriage, did you?"

"But I'll pay for one," Tod protested.

"Oh, that's all right, then," the policeman agreed.

They stepped into one of the waiting cabs, the two freshmen occupying the rear seat, while the policeman faced them from the front seat.

"Now," demanded Tod, as the cab began to roll away, "will you be good enough to give us some idea of what this means, officer?"

"Dunno," grunted the policeman. "Got my orders to get the fellow that was telephoning headquarters. I found two of you, so I gathered you both in. That's all."

"Then there's something up," groaned Tod. "Oh, I was sure there was! Something fearfully wrong!"

"Oh, that doesn't follow, old fellow," and Frank tried to say it cheerfully.

Yet, truth to tell, our hero felt a strange and sudden sinking at his own heart.

There was mystery in the night's doings. What could it all mean?

"Why, you're not taking us to headquarters, are you?" demanded Tod, peering through the nearest window.

"No; to the nearest police station," retorted the officer.

He said it in a way, too, that forbade further questioning.

Before long they drew up at the entrance to a police station.

"Get out and come in," said the officer, briefly.

They followed their captor into the station-house.

"Heard from headquarters about these two young fel-

lows?" demanded the policeman of the officer behind the police desk.

"Taken at the railway station?" demanded the desk official.

"Yes, sir; nabbed on orders from headquarters."

"What are your names?" was the question that came over the desk.

Frank and Tod answered truthfully.

"Why did you want to know about Zeb Johnson's cab?" was the next question.

"Because," replied Tod, "we went to the train to meet my father. We missed him, and he's still missing. We heard he had left the railway station in Johnson's cab."

"That sounds straight enough," nodded the desk officer, rising. "Come with me, though."

Coming out from behind the rail, the officer led them across the office and into the guard-room of the station.

Frank's first glimpse was of a bulky human figure, that of a man, stretched out on a long table.

There was a cloth over the face.

"Ever see this man before?"

As the police official put the question, he snatched the cloth away from the head of the prostrate figure.

"My father—dad!" faltered Tod, starting back in terror.

There could be no doubt about it.

The horrified gaze of the two freshmen rested on the white, still, deathlike face of Hek Owen!

### CHAPTER III.

#### FROM THE LAND OF THE DEAD.

"Your father, eh?" demanded the police official, eyeing Tod closely.

"Yes! Of course. Oh, what can have happened?"

And Tod, overcome and sobbing, sank to his knees beside the low table, resting his own face against the cold cheeks of his father.

"He's not dead?" Frank demanded, shooting a swift look at the official.

"About as dead as he ever will be, I guess," was the blunt answer.

Frank gave a great throb of grief, though he managed to ask:

"But how did it all happen?"

"That's what we police have got to find out."

"Then you don't know yet?"

"Not yet."

"You suspect a crime?"

"Well, it looks mighty queer," returned the police official.

"Where—where did he die?" Frank demanded, unsteadily.

"Johnson says he must have died in the cab."

"Where's Johnson?" Frank insisted.

"Oh, we've got him safe enough—in a cell."

"What does Johnson say?"



"Says he doesn't know how it happened. Just found his fare dead—that's all."

"And you call my father dead?" Tod demanded, rising and facing the police official.

"I'm afraid he won't ever be much more dead," came the slow answer.

"Then you must be a fool!" burst impetuously from Tod. "See here!"

Young Owen raised one of his father's eyelids.

"See that pupil and the white of the eye," Tod ran on, tremulously. "That's not the eye of a dead man!"

"Well, the doctor who was just called in pronounced him dead," rejoined the police official.

"Who was the doctor—some young fellow?" Tod insisted.

"We-ell, he was the nearest doctor," came the slow admission.

"I want some real doctors," Tod choked. "I'll go out and telephone for some."

"If headquarters says you can go," nodded the official.

"Why, great Scott, man, you don't mean to say I'm under arrest?" Tod blazed.

"No; not exactly under arrest. But we have orders to hold you."

"See here," proposed Owen, "can't I go out in company of the officer who brought us here? Don't waste time telephoning about that—for heaven's sake! There's a chance to save my father yet, if we're quick!"

Tod was permitted to go out to the nearest telephone station, under guard of the policeman. Frank remained behind.

"I can't understand this at all," groaned Frank, studying the familiar features of old Hek. "What does Johnson say?"

"Nothing that we can make much of."

"Can I speak with him?"

"Ye-es, if you want to. Come back to the office."

Back at his desk, with Frank sitting beside him, the official touched a bell. He ordered the policeman who answered to bring in Zeb Johnson.

"I hope you're going to get through this foolishness soon," blurted Johnson.

Frank's swift look at the man resulted in an instant good opinion of the driver.

"I am a friend of the dead man," Frank explained. "Will you be good enough, Mr. Johnson, to explain what happened?"

"I'll tell you all I can," was the driver's answer. "The dead man came out to the cab where I was waiting. He told me to drive him to Pierson Hall. I closed the cab door, or thought I did, and got up on the seat. I couldn't have quite closed the door, for I heard it slam just after getting on the seat. But I drove to Pierson. As I stopped there my fare told me he had changed his mind, and ordered me to drive out to a number on Whitney avenue. Told me to take it slowly. The number was way out on Whitney avenue. When I got out there I found there wasn't no such number. After fooling around in the dark a good

deal, I got down to speak to my fare. I found him dead-like, and then I hurried into town to the police."

"Why didn't you go to the office of the nearest doctor?" asked Frank.

"Why, I suppose I had order done that. But I was too rattled," confessed Johnson.

"You've searched Mr. Owen's clothing?" Frank asked of the official.

"Of course," came the answer.

"What did you find?"

"Nothing. Not a sign of a valuable."

"That is queer!" Frank ejaculated. "Mr. Owen always carried a gold watch and chain, generally some diamonds, and I never knew him when he wasn't well stocked with money—carried it by hundreds!"

"Oho!" muttered the official, opening his eyes.

"When you got down at Pierson," pursued Frank, turning again to the driver, "could you see into the cab?"

"I didn't have a chance," Johnson answered. "My fare called out to me about the number on Whitney avenue."

"Then you didn't see him at that time?"

"No."

"That's about all I've got to ask," Frank went on, looking at the police official.

"How much longer am I to be held for something I couldn't help?" demanded Johnson, as the policeman started to lead him back to his cell.

"I am sorry about it, Johnson," replied the official, "but I haven't a word to say in the matter. I am acting on orders from headquarters."

"Johnson's reputation is a good one, isn't it?" Frank asked, after the cabman had been led downstairs again.

"Always has been mighty good."

"He looks honest," Frank went on. "Now, it strikes me, sir, that your first step will have to be to find the man who rode with Mr. Owen."

"The man who—— But, my dear young fellow, Mr. Owen was the only fare in the cab."

"He was the only fare, as far as Johnson knows," Frank retorted. "But surely, sir, you must see it in a different way. In the first place, Johnson says he didn't quite close the door on his fare, for, just as he was starting, he heard it slam again."

"Now, Mr. Owen was going to Pierson to see his son. I know Mr. Owen well enough to know that he couldn't have gotten out of the cab and into Pierson quickly enough. But, instead, Mr. Owen is believed to have changed his mind and to have given the order to go away out on Whitney avenue, where he could not hope to see his son."

"Now, don't you see, sir, that when Johnson heard the door slam the second time it was really another man getting into the cab? Owen must have thought it was all right, whatever happened. Then, between the railway station and Pierson a crime was committed, and the second man called out the order to drive slowly away out on Whitney avenue. Then, while the cab was rolling slowly along on that avenue, the criminal had a chance to slip out and disappear. Isn't that plain enough, sir—especially in view of the fact



that Mr. Owen had been robbed of everything valuable that he carried?"

"Thunder! That's pretty well reasoned!" cried the police official.

"Are there any signs of violence on the body?" Frank inquired.

"None that we saw."

Here Tod, still in the custody of the policeman, burst in, crying:

"I've got four real doctors headed this way!"

One of the best-known physicians in New Haven was soon in the guard-room, looking carefully at Hek Owen.

"Looks like an overdose of chloral," was the opinion given.

"But he's not dead," Tod insisted.

"I'm afraid you're hoping for too much, young man."

Nevertheless, the doctor went to work. He was soon reinforced by three other physicians.

All shook their heads gravely; yet they went to work, applying restoratives and working with a battery.

"There's a faint sign of life here," reported one of the doctors, at last.

"Hurrah! Of course there is!" Tod quivered.

"But it is my duty to tell you, Mr. Owen, that the very faint movement of the pulse may be due wholly to the battery. There's hardly a chance in a thousand that we can do anything for your father."

"Oh, you once get a flicker in his pulse, and dad 'll pull through all right," Tod predicted, with joyous confidence. "Dad is as strong as a bull!"

Before long there were slightly more hopeful signs of life. The doctors decided on removing the old man to a hospital. An ambulance was summoned. After consultation with headquarters, permission was given to release the two boys.

From the hospital Frank's first care was to call up Hal at the New Haven House.

Hal and Joe were quickly at the hospital. They found Frank in the office, alone, for Tod was in the private sick-room.

The next hour our hero spent at police headquarters.

He gave the authorities a closely accurate description of Hek's missing gold watch and chain. He described, also, some of the old man's jewelry and the last pocketbook that Manley had seen the wealthy old Bradfordite carry.

Then our hero hurried back to the hospital. He was met by Hal with the news that old Hek was just barely alive, but unconscious.

"The doctors think he'll pass out before the night is over," Joe added, soberly.

"Then I believe the doctors are wrong," Frank smiled. "I share Tod's belief that his father is as strong as a bull and can pull through what would kill most men."

Frank secured permission to sleep on a sofa in the hospital office through the night. He urged Hal and Joe to return to Pierson.

But this both flatly refused to do. They couldn't sleep

at Pierson, they declared, while old Hek's life hung in doubt.

So Hal, by judicious bribery, arranged for a bed in a private room, to which he and Joe at last retired, to be called instantly if there was any news.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A SNAPSHOT CATCH.

"I want to get a hundred and fifty on this. I'm in something of a hurry."

That was the message of a slick, rather gentlemanly looking fellow of thirty who had walked hurriedly into one of the New Haven pawnshops.

"A hundred and fifty, eh?" repeated the clerk behind the counter, taking up a handsome gold watch and chain and examining it critically.

"Yes. It's worth five hundred, easily," persisted the slick stranger.

"That depends a good deal on where you bought it, I guess," smiled the clerk.

"If you can't let me have the money, I won't waste time in arguing with you," retorted the man-in-a-hurry.

"Oh, I didn't say I couldn't," the clerk replied. "But I shall have to show this outfit to the proprietor."

In the meantime, in response to a slight signal, Frank Manley, who had been waiting outside, entered the pawnshop.

When portable valuables, such as watches and jewelry, have been stolen, the police usually send a descriptive list to all the pawnshops in the city.

Then if any goods answering to the description are offered as pledges by strangers, the police are promptly notified, and the stranger so seeking to raise money by pawning is questioned and almost invariably arrested.

This was the morning after the unexplained crime had been perpetrated upon Hek Owen.

Frank and Tod had supplied such a list as they could of the valuables that old Hek was likely to have had upon him at the time of the robbery—if robbery there had been.

Hek Owen was alive at the hospital, but no one had yet been allowed to question him.

But the police were already watching the pawnshops.

Added to this, Frank, Hal and Joe had volunteered their services.

They had called in Frank's young protege, Jack Winston, a former Woodstock boy, who was now at a New Haven Prep school.

The four youngsters were now stationed outside of what were regarded as the most "likely" pawnshops in the town.

It was, of course, an open question whether the thief was a "local" or a New York "crook" who had followed Hek down on the train.



If a "local," the fellow was much more likely to try to pawn Hek's valuables in some other town, where he (the thief) was not known to the police.

A New York thief, on the other hand, might be looked to try to get rid of any stolen valuables in New Haven—where he was less likely to be recognized—before going back to New York.

Now, a New York man would also be looked upon to attempt the pawning early, in order to make a quick return to the metropolis.

It was shortly after eight in the morning when Frank received the signal and entered the pawnshop.

Three minutes before the plain-clothes policeman who had been stationed there with our hero had gone off to telephone headquarters, promising to return at once.

As Frank stepped up to the counter a second clerk stepped forward to wait on him.

"How much can I get on this?" Frank queried, holding out his own timepiece.

He did not seem to be looking in the direction of the man-in-a-hurry who wanted a hundred and fifty dollars.

But the first clerk, who held that watch and chain, deposited it on a scale, as if anxious to get the weight.

Frank took a swift glance at the scale pan, and his heart jumped.

Beyond any shadow of a question, the watch and chain that the slick-looking man had offered were old Hek Owen's property.

"Give you ten on this," said the clerk, holding our hero's watch.

"Less than twenty won't be any good," Frank replied.

"Twenty" was the signal word that told the pawnshop clerks that the stranger had presented Owen's property.

The man-in-a-hurry seemed to be chafing.

"Well," he growled, "how long are you going to keep me waiting?"

"Perhaps two or three minutes," replied the first clerk.

That was enough to arouse the stranger's suspicions.

"You needn't bother," he snapped.

He leaned forward to snatch the watch and chain out of the scale pan.

The clerk tried to prevent him, but the slick-looking fellow was just a shade too quick.

Quicker still, though, was Frank Manley.

He caught the stranger's wrist, gave it a twist, and timepiece and chain fell to the counter.

Like a flash Frank tried to follow up his advantage by seizing the stranger.

Biff! The man-in-a-hurry let one fist fly, catching Frank between the eyes and dropping him over the counter.

But the clerk, in that instant, had snatched up Hek Owen's watch and had run to the rear of the store with it.

Wheeling like a flash, the slick-looking stranger darted out of the pawnshop.

But Frank, far from being knocked out, darted after him.

For just an instant, outside, the stranger turned on Manley.

Click! Manley had drawn a pocket camera. The button had done the rest.

And now Frank sprang after his man once more, but a third man got in between them.

Chug! Something in the third man's hands—a blackjack—hit the young freshman over the head.

Frank went down this time, fairly dazed.

There were passers-by at hand, and one of the pawnshop clerks, having reached the doorway, was shouting an alarm.

But, as usual, the passers-by were slow to comprehend.

A few seconds, and both the man-in-a-hurry and the fellow with the blackjack had disappeared.

A crowd gathered around our hero just as he was coming to.

The policeman who had absented himself for a few moments now reached the spot.

Frank was soon able to explain what had happened.

Of course, the policeman was frantic over the narrow margin by which he had missed a brilliant catch.

"You'd better go in and get the watch and chain, anyway," Frank urged. "That much is saved."

The two went into the pawnshop together, while a curious crowd waited outside.

"Give me the best description you can of those two men," the policeman begged.

"The description will do for a starter," Manley smiled. "But I think I've got something better to work on, if that fails."

He held up his camera.

"Oh, the descriptions of those two thugs ought to be enough," argued the policeman.

They were furnished quickly, and the officer hurried off to telephone his news to headquarters.

Frank, though feeling a little "groggy" from the blow over the head, went first of all to call off his friends from their close watch.

Within fifteen minutes he had them together.

"Now, we'll telephone headquarters for news," Frank suggested.

All the news there was was to the effect that a score of policemen were out looking for the two thugs, and that a special force had been detailed at the depot to watch passengers attempting to leave the city.

Frank was also informed, from headquarters, that in all probability a copy of his photograph of the man-in-a-hurry would not be needed. The police were satisfied that they could do their work from the descriptions.

Then they telephoned Tod, who was still keeping vigilant watch at the hospital.

Tod reported, hopefully, that his father would pull out all right, but that no one was yet allowed to talk with him.

"As we haven't had any breakfast," Manley suggested, "this looks like a good chance to get some."

"Hadn't we better watch at the depot?" hinted Jackets Winston.

"The police say it isn't necessary," Frank answered.

So they went into a restaurant, seated themselves, and ordered a meal.



Presently the waiter brought plates and napkins.

As Frank unfolded his napkin a card fell out.

"Hullo! What's this?" he ejaculated, stooping over for the card, which had fallen to the floor.

"Search me," replied the waiter. "I didn't know it was there."

"Oho!" muttered Manley, staring at the words penciled on the card, which he then passed to Hal, who handed it to the others.

On the card was written:

"If you don't destroy that negative, it'll make a difference in the length of time you have to live!"

"Where did you get these napkins?" Frank demanded, rising and turning on the waiter.

"Out back."

"Take me to the place."

The waiter led the way back to a service table in the kitchen.

Close by was an open door, with an alleyway beyond.

"Some one of the enemy is watching me rather closely," muttered Manley, hurrying out into the alleyway.

But there was no one in sight now, this side of the busy street that lay beyond.

The food being brought, the young men ate—and did a lot of thinking.

"Now what?" asked Joe, as they finished.

"I'm going to a photograph stock house to develop and print that picture," Frank whispered. "I want it to be in the hands of the police before anything happens to me. I want you fellows to go along and keep an eye over my safety. People who use blackjacks on crowded streets in broad daylight aren't to be trifled with."

Frank was soon in a dark room, intently developing that film from his camera, while his three friends stood guard outside.

It was a beautifully clear negative, that showed every feature of the man-in-a-hurry.

Drying the film by a hurry process, Manley began to print copies by gaslight.

Hal, Joe and Jackets now waded in, developing, washing and drying prints.

Within an hour they had twenty good prints of the slick-looking stranger who had tried to pawn Hek Owen's watch and chain.

With these they hurried around to police headquarters.

The prints were at once sent out to aid the police in their search.

"Twenty minutes of eleven," mused Frank, glancing at his watch as they left headquarters. "Plenty of time to get to eleven o'clock recitations."

"Can you think of recitations?" demanded Jackets, opening his eyes.

"A fellow has to, at Yale, or drop behind," muttered Joe. "We've missed one apiece already this morning."

"But what can I do?" asked Winston.

"Get back to school," smiled Frank. "We've done about all we can in this matter, anyway."

A quarter of an hour later the three young freshmen had dropped back into the ordinary tasks of college life.

It was not so with Tod, of course, who still kept close to that old father hovering between life and death.

But Tod's friends had done, seemingly, all that they could do. It now rested with the police to get the scoundrel who had come within an ace of finishing Hek Owen's life.

Recitation and luncheon over, the three returned to Frank's room to study. They did their best, though study did not come easy to them just then. Frank's head still throbbed a good deal from the blow with the blackjack.

"How mighty different this is from what we looked for last evening," muttered Joe. "We were figuring on a few days of great times."

"Very little matters," spoke Hal, quietly, "if Mr. Owen pulls through this without permanent injury."

"There's one thing that matters," Frank broke in, darkly. "Hek Owen came down here to give us all a good time. He has given us loads of good times in the past. It's mighty close to being up to us to do anything that we can to get square with the scoundrels who spoiled the old man's trip for him. Ask Tod, and see if he doesn't feel that way about it."

Then they dug into their books again.

There was a recitation, from three to four o'clock, that all of the trio attended.

The recitation had dragged along for about half of the time, when a college attendant hurriedly entered the room and spoke to the professor.

"Mr. Manley is wanted outside," announced the professor.

Frank rose quickly, passing out of the room.

On the sidewalk, just beyond the building, stood a little group that chained our hero's gaze.

One was a uniformed policeman, the other a plain-clothes man. But the third was——

The man-in-a-hurry!

Sullen and ugly enough the latter looked as Frank's gaze rested on him.

"Good enough," Frank cheered. "How did you get him?"

"Then this is the fellow that tried to hock the watch?" demanded one of the officers.

"There isn't a doubt about that," nodded Manley.

"We picked him up on a street car going out of town—thanks to one of your photographs."

"A snapshot catch, eh?" Frank laughed. "I'm glad I had that little camera with me. The pawnshop folks will identify this fellow, and so, I fancy, will Mr. Hek Owen."

"You're feeling mighty good now!" scowled the prisoner. "But in a little while a yellow dog wouldn't swap places with you!"

"No?" Frank questioned, gazing at the man-in-a-hurry with interest.

"The kibosh is on you! The hoodoo is all yours," snarled the prisoner, a gleam of satisfaction showing unmistakably in his evil eyes. "You don't know, yet, what you've run into, young fellow!"



## CHAPTER V.

## THE UNKNOWN WORKS FAST.

"So you're the scoundrel!" gritted Tod. "Maybe I wouldn't like to have you alone for five minutes!"

The man-in-a-hurry returned Tod's look with interest.

First of all the prisoner had been taken to the pawnshop, where he had been unhesitatingly declared to be the right man.

And now, still under police guard, the prisoner stood in the hospital office.

At the end of the recitation Hal and Joe had hurried down.

A message had been sent in to the house surgeon to learn whether Hek Owen could be permitted to see the prisoner.

The house surgeon himself came out to see them.

"Our patient is still conscious, but very weak," he reported. "We haven't allowed any one to speak to him yet."

"But we want him to identify this prisoner, if he can," urged one of the officers.

"I think we'll chance it," replied the house surgeon. "But you can't all come in. We don't want a mob."

"Can I go in?" Tod queried.

"You? Of course."

"And my friend Manley. It was through him the scoundrel was caught," Tod urged.

"Well, yes, and one of the officers and the prisoner," nodded the house surgeon.

He led them, on tip-toe, to one of the private rooms.

There, prostrate in bed, with a nurse near at hand, lay old Hek Owen, who had counted on such a good time with the youngsters in New Haven.

"Do you know me, dad?" asked Tod, going close to the head of the bed.

"Of course, sonny," replied Hek, in a low but steady voice. "What have they been doing to me here? Hullo, Frank! What does this all mean?"

"Do you remember last night?" asked Frank, softly.

"Sorter."

"Did a man get into the cab with you at the depot?"

"Yes; I remember. I was going up to Pierson to see you boys, since you weren't at the depot. A stranger got in just as the cab was moving away. Said he was going to Pierson, too. So I supposed it was all right."

"What did the stranger do to you?" Frank asked.

"Why, nothing particular. I remember he was chewing gum, and he urged me to try a piece. I chewed on the stuff, and then——"

"That's about the last you remember, eh, sir?" asked Frank.

"So it is, lad. But what happened?"

"I wonder if you'd know that stranger now?" Frank queried.

"I sure would!"

Frank turned to nod at the policeman, who stood near the doorway.

"Is this the man?" Frank asked, as the prisoner was brought into sight.

"Same fellow!" Hek retorted, positively.

"Be a little mite careful, stranger," urged the prisoner. "What you say may send an innocent man to prison."

"You're the fellow who got into the cab with me," rejoined Hek, with a positiveness that was not to be shaken.

"Is that enough?" Frank asked, looking at the officer.

"Yes." And the man-in-a-hurry was led out of the room.

"Are we tiring you, Mr. Owen?" Frank went on.

"Not a bit, lad. Sit down on the side of the bed. I like to hear your voices again. Tod, lad, sit down on the other side. Now, then, what does this whole thundering mess mean? What happened to me?"

"As far as we know, you were drugged and robbed," Frank answered.

"Oh, don't make a fuss about that," urged Hek. "I wouldn't like to see that poor fellow carted off to prison just because I'm richer than he is and he coveted my money. I don't want to prosecute him. Let him go, if he'll agree to act straight in the future."

"Let him go!" blazed Tod, indignantly. "Not much! Have you any idea what a close call you had, dad? Why, you lay in a station-house, given up for dead. You'd have been taken off to the morgue, and died sure enough, if we hadn't gotten on your trail."

"But I didn't," argued Hek. "Let that man go. I don't want him getting into hard luck on my account. I'll bet Manley agrees with me."

Outside, in the corridor, the prisoner could hear all that was being said. He craned eagerly forward.

"You agree with me, Frank, don't you?" insisted Hek.

"I can't say that I do, sir," Manley replied, slowly. "It is magnificent of you to feel that you'd rather forgive the fellow. But a scoundrel who goes about drugging people, without caring whether he kills them, is too dangerous to leave at large. He'll kill some one else if he's let go."

The prisoner, as he heard these words fall from Manley's lips, scowled darkly, his breath coming fast.

"Well, maybe so," Hek agreed. "But I hate to see any one come into hard luck through me."

"But you'll see this fellow through, won't you?" begged Tod.

"Well, since you and Manley both think I ought to," Hek assented.

"What valuables did you have about you last night, Mr. Owen?" Frank inquired. "The watch and chain we know about. They've been recovered."

"Let me see," mused Hek. "Two diamond studs, a little loose money and five thousand dollars."

"Five thousand dollars?" gasped both boys.

"Yes."

"In cash?" Frank quivered.

"Oh, no; a cashier's draft. You see, Tod, I thought I'd open a bank account down here that you could draw on handy."

A bank account of five thousand dollars for a boy at college! Truly, old Hek never did anything by halves!



"The money is safe, then," Frank announced. "A stranger couldn't cash a draft like that. But the diamond studs are missing."

"We haven't had a chance to search the prisoner yet," interposed the officer, from the corridor. "We may find the missing property on him."

"We'll have to cut this interview short," interposed the house surgeon. "My patient is becoming flushed."

"Oh, pshaw!" protested Hek. "I could get up and lick an ordinary man now!"

But the doctor insisted by a nod of his head.

Tod bent over to press his father's hand. Frank bestowed a like salute.

"Take care of yourself, sir," begged Tod.

"We want to have you with us soon for that good time," Frank added.

Then out they went, Frank paying no heed to the look of venomous hate that shot at him from the prisoner's eyes.

Frank and the doctor went first down the corridor.

Then followed the policeman, holding to his prisoner by nippers on one wrist.

Tod, who had lingered a moment later by his father, brought up the rear.

Suddenly, by a strong and clever twist, the prisoner wrenched himself free.

In the same moment he had possessed himself of the officer's club.

"Look out!" yelled Tod, springing forward.

But the prisoner had leaped upon Manley, raising the club over our hero's head and bringing it down with vengeful force.

Frank turned just in time to save his skull from being crushed.

But the blow came, glancingly, on his shoulder with force enough to fell him.

Atop of him leaped the prisoner, his eyes glowing with fiendish rage.

"I'll finish you—then gallows, or anything!" hissed the wretch.

Though the others had come to the rescue, and were trying to pull them apart, the prisoner fought with the fury of desperation.

His arms he wound around Manley.

As best he could, pinned as he was, Frank tried to fight the fiend off.

Our hero read his diabolical purpose.

The scoundrel, fighting for the moment with the strength of a half-dozen men, meant to kill him with the club.

Closer and closer came the club, despite a general fight that was raging all over the floor now.

That club was so close that Frank shuddered. He felt helpless in that awful grip.

It was the policeman who saved the day. Groping for the club, he struck the prisoner a blow.

Then they dragged Frank's assailant off. The other policeman coming in, the fellow was securely handcuffed before he was helped up to his feet.

"What's all the row?" asked Hek, eagerly, of the nurse,

who had peered out into the corridor. "Trying to do Frank Manley up, eh? Then let the scoundrel go to prison. I'll do my best to push him behind bars! Let him rot there! Tried to do Frank Manley up, eh? Did they club him in bully shape?"

At police headquarters the prisoner was searched, but neither the draft nor the diamonds were found on him.

Payment on the draft could be easily stopped, however.

But just as he was being led away to a cell, however, the prisoner turned to Manley with a malignant snarl.

"I'm locked up, I suppose. But you're not safe for a minute, now, in New Haven! Wait!"

"All you say will be used against you," warned a policeman.

"Oh, I'm through talking," sneered the fellow.

"Well, it's back to the rooms for me," Tod announced, as the four friends found themselves once more in the street.

"The doctor told me dad's condition didn't make it necessary for me to stay at the hospital any longer. That was as good as a hint to keep away."

"Oh, your father's all right now," cried Joe, cheerily. "And it'll do you good to get back to your own bed for a sleep. Why, I'm so tired myself that I can hardly keep my eyes open."

"It's all over, and settled quickly enough," Frank declared. "Your father is safe and the crook behind bars. We've little more to think about."

"You seem to forget the fellow's threats," nudged Hal.

"No; I don't forget them," Frank replied. "And I don't fear them, either. That scoundrel has a pal, we know, but I guess the pal will be glad enough to beat it away from New Haven if he gets a chance. Besides, I've had one meeting with that pal, and I'd know him if I saw him again."

By the time that the young freshmen reached their rooms there was hardly more than time enough to wash up and go over to Commons to supper.

"New waiter on the job, eh?" queried Frank, as he looked up from his bill of fare to the bearded young man who stood waiting at his elbow.

"Yes, sir; just came on to-day," replied the new waiter, quietly.

It was almost a silent meal that the four friends ate amid all the clatter and chatter of more than a thousand young college men dining in that great hall.

Tired enough they were as they left Commons and started to walk to Pierson.

"Don't know how much study I can do to-night," yawned Hal, as they went slowly along. "Guess my bed will seem the most inviting thing."

"I'm not a bit sleepy," declared Tod, but a great yawn broke into the middle of his sentence.

"Oh, I just want to stretch out in an easy-chair and not have to read anything," suggested Joe.

Frank was silent.

He did not feel just right, but he did not want to make any complaint.

First, he felt a sudden nausea.



Then his head began to whirl.

Without saying anything, he took hold of Hal's arm, but so lightly that Spofford did not notice anything wrong.

A gripe of pain! Manley began to feel decidedly ill.

He wondered what on earth ailed him? What had come so suddenly over him?

"What's the matter?" asked Hal, as Frank's grip increased in intensity just as they entered Pierson.

"Dizzy. Tired out, I guess," muttered Frank.

Joe took hold of Frank's arm on the other side.

He reeled and lurched as they went down the corridor to the rooms.

But once inside Frank suddenly collapsed and fell to the floor.

"Oh! oh!" He could not help groaning as the fellows lifted him to the sofa.

"What the deuce is the matter?" begged Joe.

For Frank Manley, with both hands pressed to his abdomen, looked the picture of anguish.

"I'll be all right in a few minutes," Manley gasped.

But Hal stared at him in dismay.

"See here," insisted Spofford, "there's something wrong—mighty wrong."

"That's the way it feels—inside!" Frank admitted, trying to smile.

But Hal, in a flash, got a grasp of the truth.

"Fellows," he quivered, "remember that warning! Frank has been poisoned!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### "MY TIME HAS COME."

"Poisoned?" yelled Tod.

"Who could have done it?" demanded Joe.

"That new waiter—that——"

Hal could go no further, but the others understood.

Frank heard, of course, and understood.

In fact, he knew, now, that he had been poisoned. There could be no guesswork about it.

Nothing less than violent poison could have inflicted upon him the fearful torment that he was suffering.

He tried bravely to stifle back the groans that the torment forced, but he could not.

"Oh! oh!"

He was rolling, now, in agony.

The sofa not being broad enough, he rolled off onto the floor.

Hal had flown to his own room.

Silently, Tod and Joe raised Manley, bearing him swiftly to his own bed.

Hal rushed in, taking instant command.

"Tod, sprint for a doctor!" Spofford ordered. "Hustle! Joe, grab that pitcher and get some hot water—somewhere—in a rush!"

In one hand Hal held a glass funnel that had been among his possessions.

In the other hand he held a new tubing that he had bought lately for his student lamp.

By the time that he had fitted the funnel to the tubing Hal was alone with his chum.

Tod and Joe fairly raced away.

"We'll have you all right soon, old fellow," Hal tried to say cheerily, but his voice choked up.

Manley could not answer.

He was biting his tongue to keep back the groans.

"Here, let me shove this down your throat—no matter why!" commanded Hal, bending over his chum. "Open your mouth—quick!"

Frank had just control enough left to obey, though as his teeth left his tongue the groans came again.

Working like a trooper, Hal managed to force the tubing some distance down Manley's throat.

"Here you are," announced Joe, gliding into the room and holding the water pitcher forward.

"Is it hot enough?" queried Hal, dipping his fingers into the water. "Yes; that's all right. Hold his head, and the tubing."

Hal began to pour the water, slowly but steadily, into the funnel.

It flowed into Frank's stomach in a steady stream.

Before long it began to come up again, but this was what Hal wanted.

All the while our hero felt himself sinking. The agony was increasing.

The feeling was more terrible than anything he had ever known before.

"My time has come!" was the thought that flashed into his mind with the force of conviction.

The same thought came to frightened but cool-headed Hal.

"Frank, old fellow," he whispered, bending over, "shall we send for your mother?"

Frank fixed his gaze weakly on Hal's, trying to understand.

Then he shook his head feebly.

What? Send for his mother?

Frighten her by letting her see her son in such a plight?

Ill as he was, Manley knew what a fearful shock it would be to his mother.

"No!" he tried to shout, but his voice was so faint that Hal read the answer from his lips.

The news had spread through a good part of Pierson.

Half a dozen freshmen now stood guard in the room beyond. Many more were in the corridor.

"There are plenty of fellows to send," urged Hal.

But again Frank managed to shake his head weakly.

"Joe," whispered Hal, his voice all a-quiver, "send some one else with that pitcher for hot water. You run over to Commons. NAIL THAT WAITER!"

"If I find him, I won't leave much for the law to do with him," flashed Prescott, as he leaped from the room.



Twice more Hal flushed Manley's stomach with a pitcher of hot water poured down through that tubing.

Frank had ceased his groaning, but he seemed sinking rapidly.

"I'm going to send for his mother, anyway," quivered Hal.

But just then a doctor hurried in at Tod's heels.

Spofford decided to wait to hear what the medical man had to say.

"What have you been doing for him?" was the doctor's first question.

Hal explained about the tubing and the hot water.

"If we pull him through, it will be your doing," said the physician, briefly.

"Shall I send for Manley's mother?"

"Wait."

Frank was easier now, even if he was weak.

After administering restoratives and watching their result, the doctor finally announced:

"I've seen more hopeless cases."

"Then he'll pull through?" Hal tremulously asked.

"I think so. But he couldn't have done it if he hadn't had the constitution of a trained athlete. Lord, what a grip on life a college athlete has! And, young man, that tube and the hot water was all that gave me any chance!"

Joe came back to say that the suspected new waiter had already vanished.

No one knew where he was to be found or who he was. The fellow had been engaged, at his own request, just before supper, and had vanished before the meal was over.

Soon the waiting crowd in the rooms and in the corridor knew the verdict—that prompt action had given Manley a good, sound chance for life.

Then the crowd went away.

In an hour all doubt of Frank's recovery had ceased.

He sat propped up on the pillows—weak, but his strength gradually returning to him.

At last the doctor felt safe in leaving him.

"You're all right now, Manley. But it was a mighty close squeak! Your friend saved your life. Take things easily, and sleep all you can to-night. Good-night!"

Three very subdued-looking chums pulled chairs close to Frank's bed when they were left to themselves.

"I'll know that waiter anywhere," growled Joe. "I'll look for him, too!"

"Sure you'd know him?" demanded Tod.

"I'd know that beard," Joe insisted.

"After it was shaved off?" Hal hinted.

"And the fellow's hair dyed another color, perhaps," Tod suggested.

"That was mighty quick work," he gasped, at last. "How that scoundrel must have hustled, to get his job in time to serve Frank's next meal."

"Wonder how he came to let the rest of us off?" Tod speculated.

"There's a gang of those fellows," Hal declared. "One man locked up, another tried to blackjack Frank this morn-

ing, and a third tried to poison him to-night. Wonder how many more there are."

The three chums looked mighty uncomfortable over the thought.

Frank, sitting in bed, looking at them, seemed the least concerned of them all.

"I don't mind a good fight in the open," grunted Tod. "But this gang seems to use poison. First dad, and then Frank! Where on earth will the game wind up?"

"What are you smiling at, Frank, old fellow?" Joe suddenly demanded, fixing his glance on Manley's face.

"Oh, I was thinking," Manley replied, "that the gang can't be such a large one, and they'll soon become discouraged."

"By the great Dewey, I don't know about that," Tod ejaculated. "Those fellows come so near putting their work right that, first thing we know, they're likely to get one of us."

"We won't have any more trouble. They're through with us," Frank declared, coolly.

But Manley was sometimes wrong.

And this was one of the times!

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE SHADOW AT HEK'S FEAST.

"This seems too good to be true!"

There was a happy shine, and perhaps a tear or two, in Tod's eyes as he uttered that remark.

"I call it just good enough to be true!" laughed his father.

For old Hek had justified his son's faith in his strength.

Hek had thrown off the effects of the drug that had brought him so close to death and was now free of the hospital.

Moreover, Hek seemed quite as strong and hearty as ever.

His "bull" constitution had thrown off all effects of the nearly fatal results of his first experience in New Haven.

And now, on Friday night, Hek had begun to "celebrate" his visit to the boys at Yale.

The celebration was of a mild character, consisting mostly of being together and being glad of it.

Hek had, of course, declared for a good dinner somewhere.

But young athletes in training do not allow themselves what is generally called "a good dinner."

Hence the meal had to be something simple, and so Frank suggested that they take Hek to one of their own favorite haunts—a Chinese restaurant where chop-suey was the main dish served.

And here they were—Hek, the four freshmen and young Jack Winston—closeted in a private dining-room at the quaint little Chinese place.



"How long can you manage to stay with us this time, Mr. Owen?" Frank asked.

"Why," beamed the old Welshman, "you speak as if my being here was a treat."

"It's the biggest treat we've had since coming to New Haven," Joe declared, heartily.

"Why, I had intended to go back Sunday night," began Hek.

"Sunday!" gasped all his hearers, while Tod added, earnestly:

"Drop that idea, please, dad. Forget it."

"Yes, forget it, please," Frank begged.

"Well, boys, since you seem so delighted at having me here, perhaps I can stay a little longer," Hek assented.

"You'll stay a good deal longer, I hope," Hal hinted.

"Can't stay too long this time, boys, you know."

"You can't get away while we're watching you, anyway," laughed Joe.

"Why, what can you young men find for me to do all day long?" asked Hek. "You're supposed to be busy at your studies."

"Studies don't take all our time," Hal broke in.

"Not by a long shot," Tod affirmed. "There's some time for fun here at Yale."

"Then you can't have been having much of it," asserted Mr. Owen, looking quizzically at his son.

"What?" Tod asked, flushing a little. "Study?"

"No; fun," his father answered.

"How do you know that, sir?"

"Because I've been paying your bills here, young man, and you haven't drawn on me for much money outside of your regular college expenses."

"Oh, a fellow doesn't have to have a gold mine in order to have fun," Tod declared, grinning.

"Then my ideas of college boys are all wrong," declared Hek. "That was why I brought so much money with me—so that you wouldn't have to be too slow."

"The money you brought, dad, would be enough to last me during the whole four years at Yale, with quite a lot left over at the end."

"Well, well, well!" uttered his father. "Oh, perhaps, boys, we can find some way to make that money fly faster. Now, if you could get a few other young Yale men with you, and you could organize a good team of some sort for the summer, what would be the matter with my touring you through the summer vacation?"

In an instant all of the youngsters had their eyes turned searchingly, eagerly, on Hek's rugged old face.

"What—what do you mean, sir?" Tod gasped.

"Oh, well, we won't say too much about it now," hinted Hek. "But there may be something doing for you all this summer. Who knows? We'll see."

"Gracious! If there are such big times ahead, then I'm mighty sorry I'm not big enough to be at Yale," exclaimed Jackets.

"You're big enough to travel without a nurse, aren't you?" demanded Hek.

"Why, yes, of course."

"And I believe you have some acquaintance with a few little gymnastic stunts," beamed the old man.

Jackets' face began to glow.

"Do you think Frank Manley would listen to any summer plans with his young protege left out?" Hek went on.

So Winston was satisfied that, whatever plans might be formed for the summer, he would have a showing in them.

Just then the Chinese waiter brought in the chop-suey, and these modest revelers fell to work.

It was the first time that Hek had encountered the heathen Oriental dish, but he soon discovered that he liked it.

"I want to see that great Yale gym before I go home," Hek declared.

"And so you shall—to-morrow morning," Tod promised. "We'll all be there at work, and you and Jackets can be our guests. And in the afternoon, out at the Field——"

"Oh, what's going on at the Field?" Hek asked, with interest.

"There will be a few minor field events," Joe butted in. "But the greatest event of all will be the utter smashing of the world's hammer record by——"

"Quit!" Frank ordered, sternly.

"Oh, so Frank is going to be in the events to-morrow?" Hek asked.

"I'm going to throw the hammer with some freshmen," Frank answered. "It isn't to be a big list of events to-morrow. Just an attempt to see what we freshmen can do, anyway."

"Do you do anything to-morrow?" Hek demanded of his son.

"Not out at the Field," Tod answered. "I'm putting in all my time at present to getting and keeping a place on the freshman ball nine. I wrote you about that, sir."

"I'd like to see a good college ball game," glowed the old man.

"Very easily arranged, sir," Frank hinted.

"Er—how?"

"Just stay here long enough with us, sir."

"Whether I stay or not, I shall manage to be on hand and root for the first game that you youngsters play in."

"That's a promise, then?" pinned Frank.

"Yes."

"And after the gym work to-morrow forenoon," suggested Tod, "you and Jackets will go around to Commons and have lunch with us, won't you?"

"Surely," Hek nodded.

Then the talk veered around to the crime that had made Hek's visit to New Haven come so near to ending in his death.

The man-in-a-hurry, who had given the police the name of Ashmead, had had a preliminary hearing, and had been bound over for trial.

But the fellow had stubbornly refused to give the names of any of his pals.

The draft stolen from Hek had not been recovered, but payment on it had been stopped, and Hek had secured another draft, which had been deposited to his son's credit.



"Not another sign from the rascals, eh?" asked Hek.

"Not a sign," Joe replied.

"The last one was strong enough to last for all time," grinned Frank. "I don't want anything more to do with that crowd. They're too deadly!"

"I was sure enough that your time had come," Hal chimed in.

"So was I," Frank admitted. "I had no idea that I was to pull through that poisoning scrape."

"I'd like to catch those rascals," growled Hek. "But it's too late to talk of that. The whole bunch, except Ashmead, have left New Haven by this time."

"That's almost a cinch," Frank nodded. "Things were getting too warm for them."

They had finished the meal now and were leaning back to chat.

"Him young man Flank Manley here?" asked the Chinese waiter, popping his head into the room.

"That's my game," Frank admitted.

"Young missee, she give me this," explained the Chinaman.

He held out a card that Frank took.

It was the visiting card of his sweetheart, Kitty Dunstan.

On the back of the card was penciled in a shaky handwriting that he could not recognize:

"Come down to the cab just a moment. Say nothing to your friends.

"KIT."

"What on earth can this mean?" queried Frank, looking troubled as he thrust the card into his pocket and rose.

"What's wrong?" asked Hal.

"Nothing," Frank replied, quickly. "Excuse me for a minute or so."

"Is it any trouble?" asked Hek.

"No, sir. I'm wanted for just a minute—that's all. I'll be right back—I expect."

"Hadn't I better go with you?" Joe asked, half-suspiciously.

But back came this puzzling answer:

"Please don't!"

Then the door closed, and Frank was gone.

"What on earth can have happened?" he wondered, as he stepped briskly to the head of the rickety stairs. "It's something unusual, at the least, when Kitty comes to a place like this to find me. She had to go to Pierson first. No real trouble. I hope."

He went down the long, rickety flight of stairs at a run.

"Ah, yes—there's the cab!"

In his haste it never occurred to him as being odd that Kitty should come in a public vehicle, instead of in one of the Dunstan carriages that were always at her orders.

It was dark just where the cab stood, but as Frank advanced quickly he could see some one in feminine garments inside.

"What's wrong, Kit?" he called, softly, as he pulled the cab door further open and peered in.

"This!" came the quick, low, angry answer.

There was a movement of the seeming woman's arm, a dull flash of light on glass—and Frank dodged.

Quick as he was, he was not in time to escape wholly.

Something hot, eating, corroding, singed the lower side of his left cheek.

And Frank Manley leaped back, uttering the one startled word:

"Vitriol!"

In the same twinkling instant the driver lashed his horses forward.

Away dashed the cab, but Manley was in too much torment to pursue.

That vitriol seemed eating into his very face as he started to run diagonally across to the nearest drug store.

Chug! Something had struck the sidewalk heavily at his side, just as he leaped back and then started to run.

But Frank, in his flight for the drug store, did not stop or turn to see what that sound meant.

Hek had made the sound by dropping promptly and boldly from the window above.

For the old Welshman, uneasy, though about what he did not know, had darted out into the public room of the restaurant.

From the open window he had seen Frank approach the cab.

Hek had heard that terrified word, "Vitriol!" and then the old Welshman had acted.

A sheer, quick drop from the window Hek took.

He did not utter a word, but took to his heels like a flash after that dashing cab.

Right behind him came Tod, then Joe, Jackets and Hal.

All had leaped through the window.

But Hal, seeing the cab so well pursued, veered and chased into the drug store after his chum.

The cab was going fast, but on short distances a cab horse is no match for the trained sprinter.

Tod shot ahead in the pursuit, went by his father, despite Hek's fair start.

"Get the horse's head!" roared Hek, and Tod heard and understood.

So, too, did the driver of the cab hear. He plied his whip with a vengeance.

Passers-by halted and stared in amazement.

A fat policeman saw the excitement and joined lumberingly in the chase.

Now Tod shot ahead of the cab, ahead of the horse, then wheeled, gripping the bridle.

In vain did the driver ply the whip.

The horse was forced back on its haunches.

In another twinkling Joe had sprung up on the box. There was a brief struggle, after which young Prescott dragged the fighting driver down to the sidewalk.

Here Jackets came to Joe's aid like the lively little human cricket that he was.

But old Hek made straight for the cab door.



He threw it open just as the occupant forced the other door and sprang out.

Straight through the cab bolted Hek. In his old age he was not a fast runner, but his wind was good for any distance.

There was a quick, sharp chase down the street, and then Hek muttered, ironically:

"Pardon me, madam!"

His huge old fist shot out and closed in the garments of the seeming woman.

"Shame to treat a lady so, but I have to!" gritted the old man.

Jerk! flop! The slender figure of Hek's captive went down flat in the street.

There was another flop. Old Hek was sitting coolly astride his prisoner.

Then the crowd closed in. The police arrived and took jealous care of the vitriol-thrower and the cab-driver.

Hek's captive proved to be a slim, smooth-faced young man, dressed in woman's attire.

"And I guess we know him!" muttered Joe. "It's the poisoning waiter minus his full beard—the fellow who waited at one meal at Commons and poisoned Frank Manley."

Now the line of march was taken up down the street, back to the drug store in which Frank had taken hasty refuge.

Our hero had raced into the drug store, darted behind a counter, without explanation, and had made headlong for the sink in the workshop.

Here he turned on the water, frantically washing away the vitriol.

"Get the ammonia and some oil—quick!" he commanded the startled clerk who followed him.

"What——" began the clerk.

"Ammonia and oil, as quickly as you can get it. I've had vitriol thrown on me!"

The oil and ammonia were quickly at hand. Saturating a towel with it, Frank applied it to his face.

Hal came in in time to help.

By prompt treatment Frank prevented the acid from eating into his face as badly as it would otherwise have done.

"It was thrown at my eyes; my dodging was all that saved me," Frank explained to his chum.

"I hope they've got the rascals by this time!" gritted Hal.

"They!" demanded the puzzled Manley. "Who?"

"Hek and all hands. We all came through the windows when you yelled and jumped back."

"Then you were peeking?"

"We—we——" stammered Hal.

"I'm glad you were," said Frank, heartily.

"Let me see your face," begged Hal. "Oh, the vitriol hasn't eaten so badly. Prompt treatment has saved the worst trouble. The skin, over a space as big as the palm of your hand, looks a little blistered—that's all."

"It's enough," smiled Frank, coolly, as he himself surveyed his injury in a glass. "But it scares me to think

what might have happened if I hadn't been lucky enough to dodge."

There was commotion, now, out in the drug store.

"I guess that's our crowd, with some business on its hands," said Hal, grimly.

"Look and see, please."

Hal was quickly back.

"It's our crowd—and some police—and some curiosity-hunters," he announced. "They've got the vitriol-thrower and the driver."

"I'll take a look at 'em," muttered Frank, stepping out into the store.

He agreed with the others that the slim man masquerading as a woman was the waiter of the other evening at Commons.

But as soon as Frank laid his eyes on the cab-driver he cried:

"That fellow is the one who tried to kill me with a blackjack the other morning!"

The two prisoners were locked up.

The celebration for the evening over, Hek accompanied the young freshmen to their rooms in Pierson, after good-night had been said to Jackets.

"Well, it seems pretty sure that we've squelched the whole bunch of 'em now," grinned Hek. "There ought not to be any more trouble in store for you now, Frank."

"I hope not," our hero admitted.

Yet in his mail the next morning Frank found a card on which was written:

"Do not imagine the vendetta is ended!"

Some one still at large had penned this declaration that the feud must go on.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### "THE VENDETTA LIVES!"

"How do you like this, Mr. Owen?"

It was Jack Winston who put the question as the two entered upon the big gym floor at Yale.

"Somewhat bigger than you youngsters were accustomed to at home," declared the old ex-athlete, looking around with interest.

"And somewhat bigger," grumbled Winston, "than the little six-by-nine gym that we have over at the Prep school."

"You're not much in your little gym these days. I take it?"

"Oh, no; out on the road, running."

"So I imagined. You always were a great youngster for cross-country and road running."

"Not always," sighed Jackets, as he remembered the sickly days before his advent into athletics. "But always since Frank Manley first took an interest in me."

"Do the youngsters go in as much for athletics as they did at home?" Hek wanted to know.



"Not as much, perhaps, for they don't have the time here at college. But at least they have more exact instruction for the work that they do."

"It seems hard to realize," declared Hek, "that there can be trainers much more exact than Frank Manley himself. Look at the professional trainers I hired for Bradford. Yet Woodstock generally had the best of it with our boys, and Woodstock had no trainer or coach except Frank Manley."

"Here they come," nudged Jackets, as the four young freshmen appeared in their gym togs.

The four caught sight of Hek and saluted.

Then, realizing that the old man was there to see their work, and not to talk with them, they made quick time to the gallery running track.

"Do your prettiest to-day, fellows," Tod whispered, and the others nodded.

They made several fast laps around the track.

Then, while Hal, Joe and Tod settled down to some steady jogging, Frank came down to the floor again.

He could not forget that he was to compete to-day with some clever freshmen in field work.

He wanted to get his muscles in the best possible shape for the work of the afternoon.

So, first of all, he went in for some brisk, light work with clubs, dumbbells and the chest weights.

Then, warmed up, Frank went to the horizontal bar.

Now Hek looked on with interest.

"Manley has improved a great deal on his bar work, and I didn't think that possible, either," said the old man, slowly.

From the bar Frank climbed up to the flying trapeze.

Now he did some splendid work that made the old athlete gape with pleasure.

"Can the other youngsters do as well as that?" Hek wanted to know.

"Well, perhaps not quite as well," replied Jackets, who loyally believed that no one could do things quite as well as his hero could. "But they're all mighty close to Frank."

"I'd like to see them do something of the sort," Hek muttered.

Jackets gave a sign that Hal saw.

The young freshman came down to the floor.

"Let's see what you can do on the bar and the trapeze," urged Mr. Owen.

They obliged him at once.

"Lord, Lord! How they're improving!" chuckled Hek. "I shall take back word to the youngsters in Woodstock and Bradford that they wouldn't know their old leaders."

"You see such a great change, then?" queried Jackets.

"Don't I, though!"

Hek was warm in his congratulations as they finished.

Then he had another interval of waiting, with Jackets, while the freshmen went below for their showers and swim.

They were dressed at last, and took their star guest through the university grounds, pointing out the objects of interest.

By the time that noon came around the greatest object of interest to Hek Owen was the restaurant table.

He looked about him with a good deal of wonder as his hosts led him into the great student dining-room where twelve hundred students may eat at once.

"No danger of poisoned vittles to-day, is there?" Hek whispered to Frank, who sat at his left hand.

"Not much," Frank smiled.

"Know your waiter, eh?"

"Yes; Olsen is our waiter to-day. He has been here for three years or more."

"Oh, well, I reckon you're rid of that gang, anyway," Hek declared.

"Somebody is trying to persuade me that I'm not," Frank answered.

"What do you mean by that?"

By way of reply, Frank handed him the card that he had received in that morning's mail.

"What's a vendetta?" Hek asked, simply.

"It's a word that comes from Corsica. Over in Corsica, when you go after a chap and do him up, all that fellow's friends declare vendetta on you. That is, not one of them rests until one of them has settled with you—done you up in turn."

"So, there's more of this gang at large, and looking for you?" demanded Mr. Owen, seriously.

"It looks that way. Yes, I guess the vendetta still lives."

"I hope the vendetta chaps will try to spring their game on you while I'm alongside," uttered Hek, grimly. "I met one of that party last night, I remember, and saw him in court again this morning."

"It's mean business, fighting people who hit only in the dark," spoke Hal, slowly.

"Frank don't seem much worried," observed Hek.

"Frank never does seem worried," Hal answered.

"What's the use of losing the good things in life while waiting for some one to hit you?" Manley demanded.

"Well, I hope whatever's done will be done when I'm with you," Hek insisted, with a grim snapping of his jaws. "I'm beginning to feel a good deal like a boy again. I'm craving excitement of some kind. Perhaps it's in the air at Yale."

Then they fell to eating.

Frank, having athletic work ahead of him, ate lightly, but the others did full justice to their appetites.

The meal over, they went around to the rooms in Pierson for a little while. Frank packed a bag with the togs that he would need out at Yale Field that afternoon.

All hands went out to the Field on a trolley car. There was quite a little crowd gathered around the gate, which had not yet been opened.

So our friends took their places in the crowd, patiently waiting.

While they were still waiting, a Dunstan carriage arrived with Kitty Dunstan and Fannie Jackson.

Naturally, that caused a little split in the group.

Frank stood aside, chatting with Kitty, while Joe talked



very briskly with Fannie, whom he had not seen for three days.

Hek and the other young men stood by themselves.

Then the great gate swung open. A crowd of nearly four hundred began to push forward for admittance.

In the crush Frank placed Kitty ahead of him, treading patiently in behind her.

Then, suddenly, he felt a nudge at the back.

He started quickly to turn, but a question from Kitty held him for a few seconds.

When he did turn, Frank found only two women just behind him.

"I thought some one touched me," he said.

"There was a man just behind you," replied one of the women. "There he goes now."

Frank turned, just in time to see a man disappearing inside a trolley car. At the same instant the car started swiftly on its return to the city.

Half wondering, Frank felt at the small of his back, where the nudge had been felt.

Then he started, for his coat showed a gaping rent just over his left kidney.

Glancing at his feet, Manley found further evidence. The knife itself, a keen-edged affair with a five-inch blade, lay on the ground where it had been dropped in haste.

Stooping quickly, Manley snatched the knife, hiding it in his sleeve until he was able to drop it in one of his pockets.

He made no spoken comment. It had all happened so quickly that Kitty had noticed nothing.

"The vendetta certainly does live!" Frank muttered to himself. "That knife was struck to penetrate my kidney. My quick turn and the fact that the fellow hadn't elbow-room enough was all that saved me."

He was trembling; but this Kitty, being ahead of him, did not notice.

By the time that they had passed through the gate he had regained control of himself.

He made some laughing remark to Kitty, who noticed nothing at the time.

But a few minutes later Kitty espied his coat.

"Did you know it was torn, Frank?" she asked.

"Is it?" he replied. "It must have happened in that crush at the gate."

Kitty had no reason to suspect anything.

But Frank, when he found a chance to excuse himself, stepped over to old Hek.

"Mr. Owen, the vendetta is still alive and healthy, I guess. Do you see this rent in my coat?"

"Slashed, by ginger!" gasped Hek. "You didn't see who did it?"

"He got away too quickly." And Frank told the circumstances briefly, adding, as he stealthily slipped the knife into Hek's hand:

"You can keep this as a souvenir of your trip, if you like."

"Jehosophat!" groaned Hek. "And I didn't have even a look-in!"

## CHAPTER IX.

### FRANK MANLEY MAKES YALE CHEER.

"Some pretty snappy work here this afternoon," Hek declared, later on.

"But these are only freshmen, sir," Tod informed him.

"Just the small boys of the college, eh?" Hek queried.

"Something like that," Tod laughed.

"Who are the real front-seaters, then?"

"The 'Varsity athletes."

"Are they better than these freshmen?"

"Well, we freshmen are merely showing what we can do, and trying to fit for places later on on the 'Varsity teams."

"The 'Varsity chaps must be great fellows, then!"

"Naturally, for Yale leads all of the colleges at athletics."

"That's what they say here in New Haven, anyway," quizzed the elder Owen.

Some clever running, from the hundred yards to the mile, had been done.

But Frank, whose whole interest to-day was centered in one event, had not gone on the track.

Hek was disappointed that none of his "other boys," as he termed them, were in the track events.

Had they known in time of his coming, Tod, Hal and Joe would have been entered. But, as it was, they were saving all of their present energies for the making of the freshman baseball nine.

After the pole-vaulting came the shot-putting.

Hek's interest was on the increase.

"Why ain't you doing some of this?" he demanded of his son.

"Would have, if I had thought you cared," Tod answered.

"If I cared, lad! Where's your Welsh blood? Don't you know that shot-putting and hammer-throwing came out of Wales?"

"Did they?" asked Jackets. "I thought the hammer-throw was a sport of the old English kings."

"So it was," Hek admitted. "But the Welsh princes carried it to England. And in those old days the Welshmen used a real hammer—a heavy one—not the ball-and-wire contraption of these lazy days."

Hek's interest was largely in the records.

These Joe had in a note-book.

"I thought these youngsters pretty smart, but they don't seem to be breaking the records of any other years," uttered Hek.

"There'll be one smashed in a little while," laughed Joe, looking at Frank.

"Isn't it about time to quit stringing poor me?" asked Manley.

"Well, you are going to smash the record, ain't you?" Hek demanded.



"I'll be doing well if I can come up to it." Frank rejoined.

"Would coming up to the old records suit you?" Hek insisted.

Frank shrugged his shoulders.

He hoped—but what he hoped had nothing to do with settling a performance.

He would do the best that was in him. Nothing more was possible.

And now the hammer-throw, the last event of the afternoon's work, was being called.

Leaving his friends, Frank trotted down to the ring.

Four men were entered for the throw.

Blakely made the first cast, eliciting something of a buzz of admiration, for his throw was 143 feet 7 inches.

"Can Frank beat that?" Hek whispered.

"Don't know," Tod answered. "Blakely is one of our good ones."

The next man to step into the ring made a throw of something over four feet less.

"He's dead," observed Hek.

Allen, the third man to try, made a cast that measured 142 feet and 8 inches.

"What's the best throw ever made at Yale?" Hek demanded of Joe.

"One hundred and fifty-three feet and three inches," came promptly from Prescott.

"What's the best average record?"

"Last year, 149 feet and 1 inch."

"Whew!"

"But these were 'Varsity men—not freshmen," Tod made haste to explain.

"Oh!"

"There goes Frank," Hal broke in.

Our hero had cast aside his jacket.

There was a buzz of interest instantly.

Not only had Manley made a good many friends at Yale, but there were those who remembered that he had won one of the track events on the gym gallery, and that he was slated for one of the pitchers on the freshman nine.

There was a general impression that Frank would turn out to be one of those occasional surprises at Yale—an all-around athlete.

"Only a hundred-forty-three-seven to beat!" called some one.

Frank smiled back his answer.

There was no brag in that smile—merely a promise that he would do his best.

Mack, Yale's great trainer, was an interested looker-on.

He had great hopes that Manley would qualify as an all-around man.

Frank picked up his hammer, moving slowly, and accustoming his arms to the weight and feel of the thing.

Two or three preliminary swings he made, and twice he raised the hammer over his head.

He had got the touch of it now. He was ready—as much ready as he could have been with an hour's preparatory work.

He stepped into the ring, while the crowd looked on eagerly.

Getting his poise, Frank began to swing his body around for the greatest throw of his life.

He moved easily, yet quickly, certainly, remembering, in this critical instant, that the hammer really throws the athlete, not the athlete the hammer.

Body and legs were doing their work now. His back muscles stood out in fine relief, tensed for the great work that was being demanded of them.

"A good start," muttered Hek, as he watched the young freshman's rapid movements.

At the third swing, rapidly revolving on his left foot, Frank let the hammer whizz!

Splendidly, gracefully it sailed through the air, while Frank stood watching, as if petrified into the position at which he stood as the hammer left him.

It did not take an instant for the onlookers to see that an unusually good throw had been made.

As it fell, Frank noted with his trained eye, and was satisfied.

He straightened up, then stepped out of the ring as the measurers went to work.

Then came the announcement:

"One-forty-six-three!"

"Whew!" gasped Trainer Mack. "There goes our freshman record—smash!"

It was a magnificent throw—the best that a freshman at Yale had ever done!

"What's the matter with Manley?" yelled Hek, waving his arms.

"He's all the goods!" came back an instant, thundering response.

"Hurrah!"

Frank stood by, neither flushing nor glowing as he realized that his performance had set Yale to cheering.

Trainer Mack ran over and grasped his hand as the college yell started.

"You'll be an all-around man, if you keep on," Mack called in his ear above the din.

"I hope so," Frank said, simply.

Then, picking up his jacket, he ran off to a locker-room.

But, though he showed none of his delight, Frank, as he dressed, could not help feeling that the fellows in the old Woodstock club would be delighted when they learned that their founder and former captain had smashed a Yale freshman record.

As quickly as he could, Frank came out dressed.

Kitty and Fannie were now standing beside Hek and "his boys."

"That was splendid," Kit cried, her eyes shining with delight. "And now I think we ought to celebrate."

"At your mercy," Frank smiled. "How shall we celebrate?"

"Why, Fannie and I have ordered a little supper that is to be ready at the house. We want you all to come out at once. You'll come, won't you, Mr. Owen?"

Hek flushed, as he stammered:



"Why—er—er—perhaps your father won't be looking for company, Miss Dunstan."

"My father's invitation is added to ours," Kitty replied. "My father is looking for you all, and will be disappointed if you all don't come."

Then Hek felt easier. For, at some times in the past, John Dunstan had not been quite sure whether he approved of this plain old man, who had made his first start in athletics and had invested the money so earned in real estate.

Moreover, there were rumors that Hek had made some of his early money in athletics by "throwing" wrestling matches.

Be that as it may, Hek certainly stood for the squarest and broadest kind of sport in his latter days.

Frank shot a covert but grateful look at Kitty as Hek accepted.

He knew that Kitty had purposely carried her point with her father, and that John Dunstan could not be otherwise than gracious with the guest under his roof.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE SIMPLEST KIND OF A DEATH-TRAP.

"Going to college ain't half-bad fun," laughed old Hek.

"Think so?" asked Frank.

"Not when your best girl can come along and live in the same town with you."

"It was a great piece of luck that Miss Dunstan could come and live here in New Haven," Frank said, simply.

"I don't suppose Miss Dunstan had anything to do with pushing her own luck," hinted Hek.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, probably she didn't find any way to make it easy for her old dad to come down here and get into business?"

Frank smiled as he remembered how cleverly Kitty had maneuvered to interest her father, a retired capitalist, in going into business again and settling in New Haven.

They were leaving the Dunstan house, after a delightful evening.

Hek was walking down the avenue between Frank and Tod, while Hal, Joe and Jackets brought up the rear.

"Well, here's where I leave you," cried Jackets, regretfully, as they reached a corner.

The good-nights were said, and then the others went on their way.

"We'll leave you at the hotel, sir," Frank suggested.

"Not much you won't," Hek retorted.

"Why? Going somewhere else, sir?"

"Yes; I'm going to see you youngsters safely tucked in your beds before I turn in."

"Afraid we can't get home safely?" Frank smiled.

"Well, I want to be sure about it," Hek retorted, stolidly.

"You've gotten into trouble once or twice this week, Manley, and it might happen again."

"But there will be four of us together. When we four are together I don't believe we fear much that can come to us."

"I'm going to see you all safe to your rooms, just the same," Hek insisted, stubbornly.

"And who'll see you safe home, sir?" Joe called.

"Me?" gruffed Hek. "Why, I've been taking care of myself for sixty years, and I still feel equal to the job."

So they swung into the college grounds with the tramp of soldiers.

They reached Pierson at last, and passed inside the great dormitory building.

But Hek stuck to his contract of seeing them actually up to their rooms.

They were going up the stairs, Frank and Hal to the rear, when our hero suddenly felt at a pocket.

"I'm a nice one," he grunted. "Kit gave me two letters to mail."

"And you forget 'em, of course," Hal retorted.

"Yes; but it won't take me a minute to run around to the college post-office and drop 'em in the box."

"I'll go with you," Hal suggested.

"Don't," whispered Frank, "or Mr. Owen will miss us and wheel the whole squad about. It won't take me but a minute. Tramp ahead and make noise enough for us both."

"But if——"

"Pshaw! It's all right. The most foolish enemy wouldn't tackle me here in the college grounds, with so many folks moving about. Hurry on upstairs."

Frank turned, darting quickly down to the street door. He was off on his brief errand like a flash.

The two letters he mailed at the Yale post-office, then turned to walk briskly back.

Contrary to Manley's expectation, there were no other college men in sight as he turned to make his way back to Pierson.

Only one man was there—a fellow who, in shabby black coat and red fez, looked like a Syrian street peddler of candies.

The fellow held a tray suspended in front of him by a cord passing around his neck.

"Try the wonderful new confection—the Harem Delight—the best that comes out of the Orient," chanted the fellow, in a droning tone.

He continued this as our hero walked briskly toward him.

Then, perceiving Manley, the fellow turned to appeal directly to him.

"The candy you've been looking for, sir," urged the fellow, holding out two very tasty-looking bon-bon boxes.

"Indeed?" Frank laughed. "I didn't know that I was looking for candy of any kind."

"That's because you don't know what the Harem Delight is like, sir. It's a really wonderful confection. It's a real Oriental thing that I make myself. And see how pretty the boxes are."



"The boxes really are little gems," Frank admitted, taking one of them in his own hands and examining it.

"I'm nearly sold out," went on the peddler. "I want to get rid of the rest of my stock cheap. Ten cents a box, sir, or three for a quarter."

"Why, these cute little boxes are worth more than the price charged," Frank thought. "Really, I think Kit would like one of these bon-bon boxes for theatre nights."

"Try the bon-bon boxes," urged the peddler. "Then I know you'll buy."

Unsuspectingly, Frank lifted one of the bon-bons to his mouth.

It certainly did taste good.

"Another one," begged the peddler, and Frank tried a second and a third piece of the appetizing candy.

"Now you'll——" began the fellow.

But he stopped suddenly to look keenly at Manley.

"Why, what's the matter, sir? Allow me to——"

Breaking off abruptly, the fellow halted in his speech to catch Frank Manley, who was swaying.

A low whistle, and a cab glided up out of the darkness.

"Young man ill," said the peddler. "We'll take him around to his rooms."

There was mockery in the voice, but the words were meant for the ears of any one who might overhear.

Into the cab the fellow forced Manley, getting in quickly after him.

Then the cab door closed.

There was no word of direction to the driver, but the latter whipped his horse into a brisk trot.

Within less than sixty seconds the cab was well away from the vicinity of the college grounds, without the suspicions of any one having been aroused.

Frank had been drugged into instant unconsciousness as easily, simply and cleverly as had happened in Hek's case.

And now he was bound—where and to what?

In the meantime our hero's friends had reached his and Spofford's set of rooms.

"Why, where's Frank?" Hek demanded, in some surprise.

"He ran around to mail some letters," Hal replied.

"And you let him go—alone?"

"Why, yes, since he insisted on going alone."

"Insisted?" cried Hek, uneasily. "What did that have to do with it?"

"Well, you know, Frank generally has his own way," smiled Joe.

"I'm going right after him now," Hek declared.

"Oh, don't," urged Hal.

"Why not?"

"He'll be disgusted at our thinking that he couldn't take care of himself for two minutes."

"But that was just what I thought of you all," Hek declared. "That was why I came along with you youngsters."

"Frank will laugh when he gets here," smiled Tod.

"If he does get here!" quivered Hek.

His rugged old face showed such genuine alarm that the boys began to feel uneasy.

"Why, it's only a couple of minutes around to the post-office and back," Joe argued.

"Then it won't take us long to go," retorted Hek, as he made for the door.

"But Frank——" began Joe.

"Frank hasn't anything to do with this matter," floated back after Hek, as he started down the corridor. "I'm doing this on my own hook."

Catching up their caps, the boys started to follow.

But Hek, turning at the head of the stairs, shot back:

"Stay where you are. I'm sure of you youngsters, anyway, if you keep in the house! Get back there!"

With that, the old ex-athlete started hastily down the stairs.

"We might as well get back," muttered Tod. "I, at least, know that I have to obey. He'll be here with Frank in a minute, anyway. They may meet at the door."

So the youngsters threw themselves down into comfortable chairs to wait.

"Well, they sure didn't meet at the door," ventured Joe, two minutes later.

"Wonder if they'll steal off somewhere to see the sights by themselves?" grinned Hal.

"That wouldn't be like dad," Tod retorted.

"Or take their time about coming back, to give us a scare?" Joe hinted.

"That wouldn't be like either of them," Hal asserted.

"Then they'll be here soon."

But five minutes went by without any sign from either of their absent friends.

"If this keeps up much longer," grunted Joe, "we'll break orders and go out ourselves."

"Oh, why?" yawned Tod, drowsily. "They're both skilled in taking care of themselves."

So a few minutes more dragged by.

"This is beginning to look queer," cried Hal, uneasily.

"Well, shall we trot out and take a look?" Joe asked.

"Not quite yet," Tod protested, "unless you fellows think I'm too old and big to catch a licking. You know what dad said about our staying in."

Hal was out in the corridor now, listening for sounds of approaching footsteps.

"Jewhillikins!" gasped Joe, at last. "It's fifteen minutes since your father went out, Tod."

"Yes?" Tod asked, beginning to look more uneasy.

Hal poked his head in at the door.

"Fellows, I can't stand this much longer."

"Frank surely ought to be back," Joe declared.

"And my father, too," Tod added.

"What if——"

"Oh, pshaw! Nothing has happened."

"But if something has——"

"You two can do as you please," Hal exclaimed. "It's me for the street and a search."

"Hold on," shouted Joe, snatching up his cap.

Tod looked after them an instant.

Then he, too, caught the fever of unrest and anxiety. He snatched up his cap and followed.



The three youngsters came to a halt at the street door.

"Which way?" Tod demanded.

"To the post-office, of course," Joe nodded.

"But if they had gone that way, and nothing had happened, they'd have been back long ago," Tod urged.

"Just the same," argued Joe, "the post-office was the place started for, and we're more than likely to pick up our news on the road between here and the post-office."

"If we pick up any news," groaned Hal.

"If Frank, alone, were missing, there might be some good reason for it," ventured Joe, as they hurried along. "But for him and your father both to fail to return—that's the thing that begins to have an ugly look."

## CHAPTER XI.

"TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR FRANK MANLEY'S LIFE!"

Once they had made up their minds, the three freshmen lost no time.

Turning the corner, they broke into a fast jog for the Yale post-office.

But they had not gone far when they came upon a burly figure striding angrily toward them.

"Couldn't you keep indoors?" bellowed Hek.

At finding him safe, they vented a stifled little "Hurrah!"

"Nothing to cheer about," growled the old Welshman. "Frank can't be found anywhere."

"You think it's serious, then?" quivered Hal.

"After what Frank told me about the vendetta this noon?" demanded Hek. "Yes, I should say I did think it serious. A vendetta is where, if one member of the gang misses you, the other members all take it up in turn. And Frank got a message that this was to be a vendetta game. Oh, yes, it's serious, fast enough. Another vendetta specialist has cropped up, and this one was too smart for Frank."

Hek's face showed that he believed all he said.

"What can we do, then?" demanded Joe.

"Well, we won't find out anything by rummaging about these streets," Hek asserted. "I've been doing that thing for some minutes now. We'll go back to your rooms and talk it over."

"Perhaps Frank has gone around by another way and is at the rooms now," suggested Hal, not very hopefully.

"Perhaps," nodded Hek, without encouragement.

They climbed the Pierson stairs quickly, but in a disheartened frame of mind.

There was no Frank in the rooms when they entered.

"Thunderation!" growled Hek. "Doesn't it beat the Dutch—this vendetta game?"

"It runs up into this," blazed Hal. "Something has

happened to Frank. What we've got to do is to find out where he is and what's gone wrong. How are we to start?"

Joe threw himself into a chair, burying his face in his hands, while he thought over the queer situation.

Hal walked nervously up and down the room, while Tod, seating himself at Frank's desk, drummed noisily in his absent-mindedness.

"I suppose the first thing we ought to do is to notify the police of what has happened?" suggested Hek, presently.

"It won't do any harm," Hal assented.

"Nor any good, either," growled Joe. "The police were posted on this whole game, and what have they done? Did they stop any part of the game until we had handed 'em the cards to play with? If we tell the police just where Frank is, then they may go there and find him. But they won't find him for us—they can't!"

"It's an unusually clever bunch of scoundrels that we have to deal with," Hek declared. "I don't blame the police much for not having been able to do more."

"We're doing nothing at the present moment," flared Hal.

"We'll do anything you can suggest, Hal," Tod offered.

Hal sighed helplessly. He burned for action, but he, like the others, could think of nothing to do except that which pointed to the least hope—notifying the police.

This they did, by going out, all hands, to the nearest telephone station and sending word to headquarters.

Then they tramped desolately back to the rooms again.

Within a few minutes two detectives from headquarters called.

These men of the police asked many questions, looked mysterious and hurried away.

"If we depend on them," muttered Joe, "we shall never see Frank again."

"Don't talk like that," protested Hal, with a smile.

"Well, what are we going to do? Just wait?"

"Yes!"

The answer came quickly and gruffly from Hek, who, noting the surprise on the young men's faces, added, more softly:

"I guess that's what we'll have to do—to wait. If we see anything to do, we can do it. If we don't, I've got an idea that we may not lose any trick by waiting."

It was in a bare-looking room, indeed, that Frank Manley opened his eyes.

Indeed, as he soon discovered, it was not a room at all, but a big closet, without windows, and with only a narrow door for an opening.

He sat in an old, heavy, dingy arm-chair, bound there fast.

Opposite him, in another chair, the only other piece of furniture in the room, sat the fellow whom our hero remembered as the Syrian candy peddler.

"You feel some better? Yes?" asked the fellow, mockingly.

"It was a neat trick—part of the vendetta, I suppose?" queried Frank, grimly.



"Ah! That is good! You understand!" laughed the fellow. "Then I shall not have to explain."

"What do you propose doing with me, if it isn't fresh to ask questions?" Frank demanded.

For answer the Syrian drew a sharp knife from under his vest. He made a motion of stabbing.

"Are you trying to entertain me with that sort of stuff?" Frank sneered.

"Then you think I have some other object?"

"Of course."

"What is it?"

"I don't know," Frank admitted, honestly. "But my good sense tells me that you don't mean to kill me."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because if that had been your game you would have killed me while I was under the drug."

"And then you wouldn't have known it!"

"Oh! you want me to know that I am being killed? And by whom!"

"Yes; that is it!"

"Go ahead," jeered Manley. "I know now."

"Then you refuse to be frightened?"

"Oh, that's what you want, is it?" Manley smiled. "All right, then. Consider me badly frightened. What next?"

"You laugh?" taunted the fellow, darkly. "Well, you will not laugh long—not when you see what is before you."

"Oh! Then there's something worse than you before me? What is it?"

His jailer snarled out an oath of anger.

"I will leave you," said the fellow, rising. "Perhaps you will want to think. And also to plan how to get away."

He went out, closing the door after him.

Frank heard a bar fall into place over that one avenue of escape.

"This is a cinch of a place to get out of!" Frank laughed, bitterly, to himself. "The only way out a barred door, with a fellow armed with a knife on the other side of the door!"

Nevertheless, as a matter of instinct, Frank began to examine his bonds.

His wrists had been lashed securely, and made still more secure by being lashed to either thigh.

His arms, too, were tied to the back of the chair. His ankles were knotted together.

Nevertheless, it is almost impossible for even an expert to so tie a human being that he cannot get out of his bonds if he is given time enough to figure out the problem.

"All I want is time, and then I can get up and walk about in here," Frank reflected.

There was light enough in the room. It came from a lantern hanging from a hook on the wall opposite.

So, for want of anything better to do, our hero fell to trying to wriggle one hand out of his bonds.

So occupied, he did not notice the passage of time until the failing light made itself felt on his eyes.

The lantern, having burned out most of the air in the room, was going out slowly.

"Whew! How vile the air is here!" gasped Frank. "This in itself is enough to poison a fellow after a little."

His head was beginning to ache and throb in the oppressive atmosphere.

"Is it the fellow's scheme to murder me this way?" he wondered, with a new start of alarm.

For, by the time that the lantern flickered out wholly, the air in this closet would not have in it oxygen enough to support a human life any longer.

"We'll have to see if we can get the candy peddler to look in for a minute," muttered the young freshman.

There was freedom enough for his feet to enable him to kick against the floor.

Yet Manley was startled at realizing how weakly his heels beat the tattoo.

More than that, the very slight exertion made his legs ache.

"Here! here!" he called.

The exertion of trying to shout made his lungs ache.

Now Manley became frightened in earnest.

If no one answered within the next few minutes he realized that his death must come in that heavy, poisoned air.

But the door opened and his captor poked his head in.

In an instant the light flamed up again.

Frank took three or four quick, deep breaths of the sweeter air that came with the opening of the door.

"Do you want something?" jeered the fellow.

"Yes, if you don't mind," Frank retorted.

"What is it?"

"Fresh air enough to breathe."

"Is the air so bad, then?"

"If you don't understand such matters," Frank retorted. "I'll inform you that in a closet like this, with a lantern burning and a human being breathing, the air soon becomes so foul that it won't support life."

"Ah!" muttered the rascal, as if this were news to him.

"The air is much better now, thank you."

"Then I shall close the door again."

"If you don't want me to die here in this chair, you will either leave the door open or come back to open it for a minute."

"I shall not forget," smiled the rogue.

He closed the door and barred it.

Again Frank began to try to wriggle out of the cords.

But he had been tied with great cleverness. He soon realized that.

Just the same, Frank worked with such industry that he finally had his right hand all but out of its lashing.

Then the door opened. The rogue came in, examined the cords, and remarked, jeeringly:

"I see that I shall have to watch not only your air, but your manners, my friend!"

Retying the cords, the rascal again withdrew, barring the door on the outside, as before.

After that Manley was sure of fresh air every fifteen minutes or so.

Moreover, the fellow took pains to tie him with additional cords, until it looked like an impossible task ever to get out of so many and such clever lashings.



"It's daylight now," announced the rascal, on one of his visits.

"Not in here," Manley grinned.

"Perhaps not. But daylight is the time when something happens—to you!"

Again the rogue's knife came into sight.

"Let's see what we can do," he leered.

He felt carefully over Frank's head.

Though Manley was utterly scared, he tried to conceal the fact.

The wretch went carefully over the captive's head, as if looking for the best place to try either the point or the edge of the blade.

Snip! Quickly and painfully the rascal cut off a strand of the freshman's hair.

Snip! Away went one of Frank's coat buttons, with a fragment of cloth hanging to it.

Then, with a laugh, the rascal left the room, again barring the door behind him.

It had been a miserable night with Hek and his young friends.

Not one of the quartette had undressed.

Though they remained at the rooms, they lay down without removing more than their coats.

This they had done for the simple reason that they had been unable to think of any plan of action.

Moreover, Hek had become convinced that a waiting game was the best that offered.

All were astir and moving about when seven o'clock in the morning came.

Yet not one of the quartette had the nerve to suggest breakfast.

Eating, just then, was the thing furthest from their thoughts.

No further word had been heard from the police.

There came a tap at the door.

Like a flash Hek crossed the room, yanking the door open.

A telegraph messenger stood there.

"I thought so," muttered Hek. "Come in."

He fairly dragged the startled boy into the room, snatching an envelope from his hand.

"See that this youngster doesn't get away," muttered Mr. Owen, as he tore the envelope apart.

The old man's eyes gleamed as he ran over the note.

"Just what I had figured out," he grumbled.

In one hand he clutched a lock of brown hair and a button with a piece of cloth hanging to it.

"Just what I expected," nodded Mr. Owen, as he passed the note to Tod.

Standing on either side of young Owen, Hal and Joe read, at the same time, this note:

"Hek Owen:

"Frank Manley is where he can't be found without the writer's aid. This has been a dangerous business throughout, and Manley will not come back to his friends unless

the sum of ten thousand dollars is paid, promptly, and without trickery, for the sparing of his life. Do not think of communicating this news to the police. You are watched, and all that you do will be known to the writer. If the ten thousand dollars is not paid before ten o'clock this morning Manley will be killed, and the writer will disappear past the reach of pursuit. Let one of your young men—only one—walk out on Whitney avenue, and keep on walking until he is accosted by a man who will show a bit of hair like that enclosed. Then let your young man make quick and prompt arrangements for the payment of the ten thousand dollars, in cash, before ten o'clock. Of course, you can have the police arrest the man who speaks to your young man, but remember that you will be watched. If there is any treachery the watcher will send a telephone message that will result at once in Manley's death. Attempt no trickery! You will be able to judge the kind of men who are working against you. This is all. Does it interest you?"

There was no signature.

The three young freshmen read in silence, while the tiny messenger boy stared in amazement from one face to the other.

"Where did you get this note? Who handed it to you?" demanded Hek, sternly.

"Got it at de office, from de day manager," replied the boy, promptly.

"What kind of a looking man left the note there?"

"Didn't see him."

"I wonder if you're a real messenger boy, or a fake?" stormed Hek.

"Oh, he's a real messenger boy," Hal put in, hastily. "I've seen him before. He's all right."

"Then you think——"

"It will be a waste of time to expect to learn anything from him. He's telling the truth and can't help us."

"You can go, my son," announced Hek, pulling the door open. "And here's something for you."

It was a bank-note that Hek shoved into the hand of the now more than ever puzzled messenger boy.

"Well," braced Hek, when they were alone, "this is what I was looking for. Now, what are we going to do?"

But the three freshmen looked back at their elder.

If any such sum of money was to be raised, he was the only one in the crowd who could do it. Could even he, on a Sunday morning, with all the banks closed, raise ten thousand dollars in less than three hours?

"I'm afraid we've got to pay," said Hek, slowly. "We have some idea of the reckless crowd we're up against. These vendetta chaps, as they call themselves, are the original violators of all the Ten Commandments. They're the whole goods in wickedness. If they get discouraged about us, they'll kill Manley and take to the timber. I don't doubt that. So, I take it, we've got to pay!"

"You're the only one in the crowd, dad, who could raise ten thousand dollars, if he had a year to do it in."

"That's all right," nodded Hek, cheerfully. "I'm good



for the cash and the intention. But I don't see how I can get so much ready stuff together in the time. Tod, son, I reckon you'll have to take that lonesome walk out on Whitney avenue. Meet this duck, if he shows up. Explain to him the impossibility of getting the money in such a rush. Use your best efforts to get a few hours' delay. Give him our word that we'll play square, and that later in the day he shall have the money. Now, son, hustle! Be careful and smart. Let's see how much brains you've got!"

Tod was hurriedly finishing his dressing, with an energy that showed how keenly he would go about his task.

"Any of you people going to try to trail me or the other fellow?" Tod paused to ask.

"Nope!" clicked Hek. "That's against the rules of the vendetta, from what little I can learn about the game. Go! skip! Burn coal!"

Nor did Tod need any urging.

It was not long before he was walking along Whitney avenue, well out past the Dunstan house.

As he strode along, on that early, quiet Sunday morning on which so few people were astir as yet, he was keenly on the alert for any sign of an interviewer.

"There may be something in that rig," Tod muttered, as he studied a cab drawn up at the curb some two blocks ahead.

A driver sat on the box, apparently asleep.

As he reached the cab Tod shot a swift look into it.

A man of thirty-five, neatly dressed, sat there, a burning cigar in one hand.

Tod half paused, expecting to be hailed.

"Manley?" murmured the stranger, softly.

"Correct!" clicked Tod, wheeling about and stepping close to the open door of the cab.

"Did you bring the money with you?" asked the stranger, in a whisper.

"Of course not; couldn't," Tod retorted. "I don't keep that much money handy in my clothes. Neither does my father."

"What do you propose to do?"

"My father instructed me to say that he'll play on the square with you, and he'll pay the money, without trying any trickery. But he must have at least a few hours in which to raise the money."

"If I give him the time, he won't play tricks?"

"Not a trick!" Tod promised, quickly.

"That's straight?"

"On my father's honor, and mine!" protested Tod, so earnestly that it was all but impossible to doubt him.

"Sit in here a minute," invited the stranger, moving to make room.

"Rather not," said Tod, briefly.

"Then I order you to!"

"What's that?"

"I order you to get in here and sit beside me, that we may talk this thing over," rejoined the stranger.

"It isn't necessary. I can talk just as well right here, and——"

"Get in, or I signal, and then drive away. Then it will be all over with your friend!"

"And with you, too!" flashed Tod, making ready for a spring at the fellow. "See here, I won't have any nonsense. If I have to grab you, I won't leave anything to slow, blind justice. I'll strangle you on the spot!"

"I'm not afraid of death," smiled the stranger. "I risk it every day, and expect it ere long. But if you made the first move toward me, it would result in the signal that would cost Manley's life. Violence is pretty close to trickery, remember!"

Tod calmed in an instant.

"You can't expect me not to show any spirit," he grumbled, but in a milder tone.

"Get in and sit with me while I talk with you."

Tod surrendered, obeyed.

There was but one seat in the cab.

As Tod got in, careful to seat himself so that he could not be taken unawares, the stranger turned aside.

Without being detected, he threw a pinch of white powder on the glowing end of his lighted cigar.

"You see," whispered the stranger, bending over close to Tod, "you see, my friend——"

The lighted cigar, with the powder burning on the end of it, came just under Tod's nose, a few inches away.

Young Owen's head swiftly drooped.

With a quiet chuckle, the stranger pulled down the cab curtains, gave the check-string a slight jerk, and the vehicle rolled away.

A handkerchief, on which a few drops of fluid were poured from a phial, was pressed to the young freshman's nostrils.

Tod's sleep was as deep as Manley's had been.

The stranger's arm slipped around the young athlete.

Tod did not stir, but just lay limply where he was held.

A chuckle came from the rascal.

"From the looks of the sky," mused the fellow, half-aloud, "the fishing will be fine to-day!"

## CHAPTER XII.

### JACKETS TAKES A HAND IN THE NEW GAME.

By the time that it was half-past eight three very anxious people, no longer able to sit down, were pacing the floor in Manley's rooms.

"I sure expected the lad back before this," Hek declared, uneasily.

"It may be a pretty long talk," Joe hinted.

"It looks like it!" burst from Jackets.

"I suppose I'm a pretty impatient chap," Hek groaned. "But, somehow, I can't help being uneasy."

Nevertheless, there appeared to be nothing to do but to wait.



Nine o'clock came, and Hek was fairly perspiring with anxiety.

"You don't suppose anything could have happened to my lad, do you?" the old man demanded, turning on Hal.

"On Whitney avenue, in broad daylight?" asked Hal. "That seems hardly likely."

"There ain't nothing unlikely in vendetta," retorted Hek, gloomily. "The rules ain't nothing like anything I ever heard of before."

Tap! tap! at the door.

Again Hek pulled it open.

Another messenger boy, and a note.

This time Hal leaped forward to sign and dismiss the boy, while Hek's trembling old fingers tore the envelope open.

"O Lord!" he groaned, his ruddy old face going ashen-white.

"What is it?" gasped Hal.

"Of course, I don't mind the money—don't mind it a bit," Hek declared, brokenly. "But how can I raise it on a Sunday?"

"What does the note say?"

"Here! Read it for yourselves."

Hal caught the note. He and Joe scanned it feverishly. It ran thus:

"Hek Owen:

"Got your son, now, too. The price has risen to twenty-five thousand dollars. Meet the writer on Whitney avenue at three o'clock this afternoon—and have the cash with you! No nonsense! Try no tricks! We have determined either to win out in this game or to lose our lives. If you want to see your son again in this world, and alive, be on hand—with the cash!"

"When I go they'll catch me, too, if they could catch son Tod," groaned Hek, hardly knowing what he said. "Then the price will go up to a million. Oh, this vendetta is a great game, sure! For money-making it beats anything on earth!"

Joe had dropped to a sitting posture on the sofa.

Hal was rubbing his hands in sheer misery.

"The cleverest crew we ever ran up against!" Joe muttered. "There doesn't seem to be a chance to fight back!"

Tap! The door opened before any one could reach it.

Jack Winston raved into the room.

"Why, how queer you all look!" he muttered.

"Maybe you'd look queer if you had the wrong cards in the vendetta game," glowered old Hek.

"Tod's in trouble, ain't he?" demanded Jackets, swiftly.

"Yes. How'd you guess?" cried Hal. "And Frank with him!"

"Twenty-five thousand, in six hours—on a Sunday," gazed Hek, helplessly. "Either that, or——"

"Come on! We'll go to Tod," proposed Jackets.

"Go to him, you silly!" flared Joe. "How can we? We don't know——"

"Don't know where he is?" challenged Jackets. "Well, I do! Just left him!"

"What?"

All three made a frantic rush for the young Prep school boy.

"If it's anything serious," went on Winston, hastily, "don't stand here staring at me. Hurry up! I've got a carriage at the door. Talk as we rush along! Burn coal, now!"

Nor did Jackets leave any time for talk. He turned and raced through the corridor and down the stairs.

A two-seated cab stood before the door.

"Pile in!" ordered Jack Winston, with an air of brief authority.

He turned to say a few words to the driver, then got in beside Hal.

"Now," quivered Hek, as the carriage rolled away at a furious clip, "talk up, and talk fast, Winston. How did you come to see Tod? Where did you leave him?"

"I've got time enough to tell it slow and straight," Winston declared, as he settled back in the comfortable seat. "You know, I run every morning."

For the first time his companions really noticed that he had on his running sweater.

"I was coming down Whitney avenue at a lope," Jackets resumed, "when my garter broke. That's something of a disaster, you know, to a fellow who wears knee breeches."

"Cut that out," growled Joe, feverishly.

"Can't," retorted Jackets. "That garter is a big part of the story. Well, I realized that I'd have to get in somewhere, private-like, slip my trousers down a little way, and get at the break in the garter. I saw an area door open and slipped in behind it. As I went in I saw a cab at the curb. The driver saw me, too, but when I disappeared through the doorway I guess he thought I lived there and had gone into the house.

"Well, I found the fixing of that garter to be a longer job than I had thought. While I was fussing away at the thing I thought I heard Tod's voice out at the curb. I listened, and I was sure of it.

"Suddenly it struck me that something might be wrong. Then I got 'nosey,'" Jackets, added, with a grin. "I began to rubber hard, for I'd just got the measly garter fixed.

"I listened with all my might, and pretty soon I was sure that Tod was up against some sort of trouble. Then the cab started away, with the curtains pulled down. That made me more 'nosey,' of course. So I jumped on and rode behind the cab.

"We had a pretty long drive, and then got out on a measly, lonesome-looking street. When I felt the cab slowing up I jumped off and ducked behind a tree. I saw the driver and another man lift Tod out and carry him into a bunged-up old house that stood in the middle of a large lot. Wait a minute and I'll show you the house!"

Their cab was now slowing.

In a moment more Jackets added:

"Here we are! That's where they took Tod!"



It was, indeed, a dilapidated house, with all the shutters drawn. The door stood well back from the street.

But Hek did not wait an instant to glance at surroundings. He made for the door at a run, followed by Joe.

Hal clutched at Jackets' sleeve, and that pair raced around to the back of the house.

"There's a bell. Better ring it, hadn't you?" whispered Joe.

Hek gave the bell an impatient pull.

Within twenty seconds steps were heard inside.

Then the door opened just a crack.

But that was enough.

Smash! went Hek's massive shoulder against the door, forcing it wide open and knocking down the man who stood on the other side of it.

As they leaped in, Joe fell afoul of the fallen one, pinning him down.

"Hal!" shouted Prescott, while Hek roared at the top of his bull-like voice:

"Tod, lad! Frank Manley!"

From upstairs, somewhere, came a faint answer.

Hek leaped up the stairs, followed by Hal, while Jackets lingered, keenly curious as to whether Joe needed any help with his antagonist.

Guided, again, by the voices, Hek found his way to a door over which a bar was fastened.

Throwing aside the bar, pushing open the door, Hal leaped into the presence of the two missing freshmen, each tied fast to a chair.

But little remained to be done.

All hands were quickly downstairs.

But the man who had opened the door to disaster was not the genius of the place.

This fellow was only the rogue who had driven the cab.

Though he refused to talk, Frank was not long in guessing that the pretended peddler was on his way back, on foot, from the telegraph office from which the second message to Hek had been sent.

Jackets thereupon darted out, instructing his cabman to drive well out of sight around a corner.

Now, with the door closed, with their captive bound and gagged, Manley and his friends waited on the chance that the greater rogue would come back.

And come he did, within twenty minutes.

The fellow walked unsuspectingly up to the door, gave two quick, short rings, paused, and then rang twice more.

The door opened, with Hek behind it, the others out of sight in a room beyond.

As the door opened, the newcomer, suddenly suspicious, just as he entered, tried to draw back.

But one of Hek's huge hands shot out, gripping his collar.

Swat! went Hek's other fist against the fellow's neck.

There was a senseless rascal lying on the floor—a knocked-out rogue.

And Hek, squatting squarely a-top of his man, looked up beamingly at the four freshmen and the Prep school boy, who came out to see what had happened.

"Great game, this vendetta!" Hek declared, with a twinkle in his old eyes. "I'm just beginning to like it. And I believe I could win at it every time if I could always be sure of having five such trumps in my hand!"

Who the "trumps" were that he referred to was plain enough from the looks that he flashed at the boys.

New York officers who came to New Haven that Sunday recognized in the five "vendetta" prisoners members of a gang who were wanted in New York for even worse offenses than those they had committed in New Haven.

And so, a few days later, the gang of five was taken back to New York. It was not discovered how Ashmead had first been led to undertake the robbery of Hek.

Apparently, they were the entire gang, for nothing more was heard of the game of "vendetta" that had first terrified and then greatly interested the old Welsh athlete.

It was a jolly Sunday afternoon that the six friends put in together.

Hek declared that he did not intend to quit New Haven at once.

"I'm having too much excitement here," he grinned.

"There are excitements and—excitements," rejoined Frank, grimly. "For my part, instead of what we've been through, I prefer the fun of winning in a good bout of athletics."

"You're equally good at either!" Hek affirmed, solemnly.

## THE END.

These are the days of the year for great field and track work at a university like Yale. Our young friends made the best use of their time and opportunities, as will be fully shown in "FRANK MANLEY'S BROAD JUMP; OR, UP AGAINST YALE'S CHAMPION." This magnificent story will be published complete in No. 32 of "Frank Manley's Weekly," out next week. It will be a treat that no young American lover of athletics and athletes can afford to miss!

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.



## PRACTICAL TALKS ON TRAINING

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“ Physical Director

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No. 63

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Hammer-throwing is one of the oldest sports known to the world.

When uncivilized men first began to fashion weapons, the hammer was known long before the axe came in.

As a weapon, the hammer might be used in the hands for striking.

But there were bound to come times when the sorely pressed warrior could save himself only by throwing his hammer from a goodly distance, and throwing it so straight as to strike his enemy.

Though the hammer is, nowadays, a tool, and never used as a weapon in warfare, yet the sport of throwing it has lived through thousands of years.

Nearly all of our more popular athletic sports are descended from the warlike games of other times.

Three hundred years ago, in England, the hammer thrown was still a real hammer, with massive iron head and straight wooden handle.

To-day, though the sport still lives with us, the “hammer” has become an iron ball with a wire “handle” and swivel joint.

In the case of the full-sized hammer the iron ball weighs sixteen pounds.

There are two junior sizes of “hammer,” one weighing twelve pounds and the other eight.

The smallest weight of all is advisable for boys up to fifteen years of age.

For boys between fifteen and eighteen years of age the twelve-pound hammer is more suitable. For those past the age of eighteen the full-sized hammer is the thing.

The sixteen-pound hammer is listed in the sporting goods catalogue at \$3.25; the twelve-pound at \$3.00, and the average sporting goods house does not carry the eight-pound size at all.

For the club of young athletes the hammer is not, therefore, a costly sport. A hammer will last a long time and stand a lot of racket.

For the young athlete who is tired of light, fancy gymnastics, and who wants a chance to show what his brawn and muscle can do, hammer-throwing is just the thing.

It takes a real, Simon-pure athlete to come anywhere near the records in this sport.

Leg muscles, back and chest muscles, side muscles and those of the arms must all be well developed before the

young athlete can hope to make a satisfactory start at this game.

When practicing, stand in the ring with the back turned to the direction in which the throw is to be made.

Take a wholly easy, unstrained position, keeping the feet about twelve or fourteen inches apart.

The head of the hammer should rest at the right on the ground. Grasp the handle firmly with both hands.

Now, in turning, always turn to the right. As you do so, bear in mind that the whole trick is not done with the arms and shoulders—far from it! The weight of the body must be carefully distributed so that, at the instant of making the throw, the hammer does not jerk the thrower off his balance.

Just as the swing is begun the body is thrown considerably to the left. The weight of the body must now rest on the left foot, and thus the swing of the hammer does not throw the young athlete off his balance.

In beginning, it is much better to turn the back against the hammer's intended direction, to make the half-turn to the right, and make the throw.

In this way the real secrets of hammer-throwing are learned by the performer in a way that no one else can teach him.

The trick of turning, of balancing and of swinging the hammer are thus mastered.

Later on, when the young athlete feels that he is fairly skilful in making the throw, then he can practice for greater distance by making two complete turns before delivering the hammer.

But if he attempts the double turn at the outset he will pick up so many faults of balancing and throwing as to spoil himself for any real work.

There is also a triple turn before letting the hammer drive.

But this represents the highest knack of the science. It should never be attempted by one who is not wholly skilled in throwing after the double turn.

The whole knack of throwing the hammer comes slowly, but it is worth the trouble. It is a sport for the strong boy, though. The weakling who is just beginning athletics must leave it alone.

First, get your gait wholly at the little half-turn.

Don't be in a hurry to get to the double turn, but when you do, be sure that you are well skilled before you pass on to the triple turn.

For training at hammer-throwing, the harder kinds of gymnastic work are needed. Plenty of bar-work, plenty of putting the shot, plenty of trapeze and flying-ring work.

One excellent preparation for hammer-throwing is faithful practice with the heavier bags of sand, as already described in our accounts of Frank Manley's training method.

Don't be in a hurry for results!

It will take an entire season of hard outdoor training work to make a really fair hammer-thrower of the young athlete.



# Letters from Readers

**NOTICE.**—Write letters for this page on only one side of the paper. Number your questions. Do not ask questions on the same paper containing mail orders. Immediate answers cannot be given, as "Frank Manley's Weekly" is printed several weeks ahead of the date of issue. Address all questions for this department to "Physical Director," No. 24 Union Square, New York.

Walnutport, Pa., Dec. 23, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read Frank Manley's Weeklies and am well pleased with them. I therefore request the privilege of asking a few questions. I am 14 years 4 months old; height, 5 feet 2 inches; neck, 12½ inches; weight, 112 pounds; chest, normal 29½ inches, expanded 33 inches; calves, 14 inches; forearms, 11 inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What should be my resting hours? (3) Should I take my morning walk before or after breakfast? (4) Do you think I could become a baseball player? My choice is catcher. Hoping to see this in print soon, I remain,

Yours truly,  
Old Reliable (C. H. B.).

(1) Good. (2) 8.30 to a little before 6. (3) Before. (4) Yes.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 21, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read all the Frank Manley's Weeklies that have been published to date, I take pleasure in sending you my measurements for your criticism: Age, 14 years and 10 months; chest, normal 29 inches, contracted 27 inches, expanded 32 inches; weight, 120 pounds; biceps, right, normal 7 inches, expanded 8½ inches; left, normal 7½ inches, expanded 9 inches; waist, 28 inches; thighs, right 17 inches, left 17 inches; ankles, right 9¾ inches, left 9¼ inches; neck, 12 inches. I am a stenographer, and work from 8 till 5, so have little outdoor work. (1) Would I make a good cross-country runner? (2) What are my weak points? (3) When I use my arms for any length of time they become numb, then this follows all over the side of the body. Thanking you in advance for any reply you may wish to give, I beg to remain an ardent admirer of athletics and Frank Manley and his friends.

Very truly yours,  
John Ward.

(1 and 2) Not knowing your height, I am unable to say anything about your measurements. (3) The cause is probably defective circulation, which prevents the thorough nourishment and building up of tissue. The remedy is persistent daily exercise. One who sits over a typewriter all day is much in need of light, quick exercise in the open air.

Philadelphia, Dec. 31, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have been a constant reader of your Weekly and think it the best I have ever read. Will you kindly answer a few questions for me? I am 14 years and 4 months old, and my weight is 105 pounds. Height, 5 feet 4 inches; chest, normal, 28 inches; expanded, 31½ inches; neck, 12½ inches; wrists, 6¼ inches; thighs, 17½ inches; biceps, normal, 9¼ inches; expanded, 11 inches; shoulders, 19 inches; forearms, 9 inches; ankles, 9 inches; calves, 12 inches; waist, 28½ inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my weak points? (3) What are my strong points, if any? (4) I can jump 4 feet 4 inches on a gym floor. (5) I am a fairly good athlete. What would you advise me to do, as I am short winded. I play baseball and all the sports I ever heard of. Hoping this does not meet the acquaintance of the waste basket, three cheers for the Woodstock boys. I am

A friend of Physical Director,

A. H.

(1) Very satisfactory, except (2) waist too large. (3) You are generally strong. (4) If you mean a high jump, it is bully. (5) Deep breathing, running, bag-punching, medicine ball.

Bethlehem, Pa., Jan. 1, 1906.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read nearly all of Frank Manley's and Young Athlete's Weeklies, I take the liberty of sending you my measurements and asking you a few questions. I am 15 years old; height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 117 pounds; neck, 13½ inches; shoulders, across, 18 inches; chest, normal, 32½ inches; expanded, 36½ inches; right biceps, 9½ inches; flexed, 11 inches; left biceps, 9½ inches; flexed, 10¾ inches; right and left forearms, 9½ inches; right and left wrists, 6½ inches; waist, 27½ inches; hips, 32 inches; right and left thighs, 18 inches. (1) How am I built? (2) Have I any strong points, if so, what are they? (3) I exercise in the morning with two-pound dumbbells and punching bag; also take Frank Manley's breathing and stationary exercises, and take five-mile tramp in the evening after school. Is this good? (4) What are my weak points? (5) Where can I get a book on physical culture? Hoping to see this in print, I remain,

Yours truly,  
James Snyder.

Your measurements are about as satisfactory as they could be. Your training work is all right. For books on physical training, in addition to this Weekly, read the following of Frank Tousey's Ten-cent Hand-books: No. 6, "How to Become an Athlete;" No. 10, "How to Box;" and No. 25, "How to Become a Gymnast."

Bedford City, Va., Dec. 30, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

About the middle of August I read No. 27 of the Young Athlete's Weekly, and since then I have been trying to build myself up. Since then my measurements have increased as follows: Height, 2 inches; weight, 6 pounds; neck, 1½ inches; chest, 1½ inches; expansion, ½ inch; biceps, 1 inch; forearm, ¾ inch; shoulders, 2½ inches across, 5 inches around; thighs, 2 inches; calves, ½ inch; waist decreased 2 inches. My measurements now are as follows: Height, 5 feet 1 inch; weight, 94 pounds in street clothing; age, 14 years 6½ months; neck, 13¼ inches; chest, 27½, 31 and 34½ inches; waist, 25½ inches; hips, 30 inches; shoulders, across, 17½ inches; around, 38 inches; biceps, 9 and 10 inches; forearms, 9¼ inches; thighs, 19 inches; calves, 12 inches. My records are as follows: Running broad jump, 13 feet; standing broad jump, 6 feet 9 inches; running high jump, 4 feet 3 inches; standing high jump, 3 feet 3 inches; chinning, 10 times. Can run six miles on a trot. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my strong and weak points? (3) Have I improved enough? (4) How are my records, and which are the best? (5) What are "Jackets's" measurements? (6) Which of us is the best developed, according to height, weight and age?

Would-be Athlete No. 1.

Dear Physical Director:

I am 11 years 3 months old; height, 4 feet 4¼ inches; weight, 61 pounds in street clothing; neck, 11¾ inches; shoulders, across, 15 inches; around, 31 inches; chest, normal, 26¾ inches; expanded, 29½ inches; biceps, 7½ inches; forearms, 7¾ inches; waist, 22¼ inches; thighs, 16¼ inches; calves, 10½ inches; ankles, 8 inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my strong and weak points?

Would-be Athlete No. 2.

Dear Physical Director:

My measurements are as follows: Age, 9 years 10 months; height, 4 feet 4 inches; weight, 60 pounds, in street clothing; shoulders, around, 29 inches; across, 14 inches; chest, normal, 26½ inches; expanded, 28½ inches; thighs, 13 inches;

calves, 9¾ inches. What are my strong and weak points? How are my measurements? My back is weak. How can I make it stronger?  
Would-be Athlete No. 3.

Dear Physical Director:

Although I am a very small boy, I swim, skate, play football and baseball, and these are my measurements: Age, 8 years 11 months; height, 4 feet 4 inches; weight, 57 pounds; neck, 12 inches; chest, normal, 25½ inches; expanded, 26¼ inches; biceps, 7½ inches; forearms, 8 inches; waist, 21½ inches; shoulders, around, 30 inches; across, 13½ inches; thighs, 15 inches; calves, 14½ inches. What are my strong and weak points? Am I as well developed as Would-be Athlete No. 3?  
J. I. C.

No. 1. Measurements very good, except waist a trifle too large. No. 2. Measurements good, except waist too large. No. 3. Would criticise only the waist, which is too large. No. 4 (J. I. C.). Not enough chest expansion; otherwise you are as well developed as No. 3.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 26, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read your weeklies since the first number came before the public. Then I went in for physical training, and instead of getting stronger I got weaker, and I am thinner to-day than when I went in for physical training. My folks want me to quit physical life, but I went in it to do or die, and I am going to stick. Here are my measurements, all taken stripped: Age, 18 years 9 months; weight, 120 pounds; height, 5 feet 7 inches; shoulders, around, 41 inches; chest, normal, 32 inches; contracted, 31 inches; expanded 36 inches; neck, 14½ inches; waist, 28 inches; hips, 31 inches; thighs, 19 inches; knees, 13 inches; calves, 12 inches; ankles, 8 inches; biceps, normal, 8½ inches; expanded, 10 inches; wrists, 6½ inches. I am so thin that I am afraid I will get consumption. Please excuse this long letter, as it means much to me. Well, good-bye. Wishing you a Happy New Year, and success with your weekly, which is the best in the world, I am,

Yours,  
A Young Athlete.

I fancy the only trouble with you is that you are too imaginative. With four inches of chest expansion there is no chance for you to get consumption, if you breathe enough outdoor air. Your well-developed neck shows that your nervous condition should be excellent. You are about ten pounds under the usual weight, but there is nothing in your measurements to show that you cannot be thoroughly healthy. Laugh, be jolly, and have a good time, and your weight will be all right in another year or two. I'll tell you something between ourselves: As a boy, I was expected to go with consumption: I don't look like it now, or feel like it, either.

Piedmont, W. Va., Dec. 29, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I would like to ask you a few questions about my physical training. I am 13 years 11 months old; weight, 91 pounds; height, 5 feet; chest, normal, 31 inches; expanded, 33 inches; waist, 28 inches; calves, right 13 inches; thighs, 20 inches; ankles, 9 inches; biceps, 10½ inches; neck, 13 inches; wrists, 7 inches; right arm, below elbow, 6½ inches. (1) What do you think of my measurements? (2) How can I get good wind, as mine is bad, although I can run two miles without stopping. (3) What is good for knocked knees? (4) When should I punch the bag, and how often, during the day? (5) What exercises should I take? Hoping to see this in print, I will close with three cheers for Frank Manley and Physical Director. I remain

A Reader

(1) Generally, your measurements are good, but you should have at least an inch more of chest expansion, and about four inches less waist line. (2) If you can run two miles, your wind will build up gradually by keeping at the running and slowly increasing the distance. (3) Try to obviate the trouble always when walking or running. (4) Exercise bouts should not be taken for half an hour before a meal or for an hour and a half afterward. (5) Follow the home-training course explained in the first sixteen numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly.



Provincetown, Mass., Dec. 25, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read nearly every Frank Manley's Weekly from No. 1 to No. 16. Would you kindly answer a few questions? Age, 14 years 6 months; weight, 101 pounds; height, 5 feet; shoulders, across, 17 inches; chest, normal, 30 inches; expanded, 33 inches; biceps, normal, 9½ inches; expanded, 10½ inches; forearms, normal, 10 inches; expanded, 10¾ inches; wrists, 6 inches; ankles, 10 inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) How can I improve my weak points? I will close now with three cheers for Frank, Physical Director, and the Up and At 'Em Boys.

V. L. R. J.

Your measurements, as far as you give them, are all right. Keep steadily at the home-training, course explained in the first fifteen numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly.

New York City.

Dear Physical Director:

Please answer these questions: (1) Neck, 13 inches; wrist, 7¾ inches; ankle, 9½ inches; waist, 29 inches; chest, normal, 32; expanded, 34 inches; biceps, normal, 9¾; expanded, 10 inches; calf, normal, 12¾; expanded, 13¾ inches; age, 15 years; height, 5 feet 5 inches; weight, 118 pounds. Are my measurements good? Tell me my weak points. I can run one mile. I do a hundred yards in 13 seconds; running broad jump, 12 feet; high jump, 3 feet. Thanking you in advance for your trouble, I remain,

A Reader,

J. R. V. S.

P. S.—Please answer as soon as possible, for I am going out of town.

Your measurements O. K., except two and a half inches too much waist. Records satisfactory at your age and size.

Phoenixville, Pa., Dec. 29, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have just finished No. 17 of Frank Manley's Weekly, and have so far read every one published, and think it a very good book for boys to read. I also send my measurements, and wish you to tell me my weak points. I am 14 years 6 months old; height is 5 feet 3½ inches; weight is 123 pounds; biceps, 10 inches normal; biceps, 11½ inches expanded; wrist, 6½ inches. Do you think I am heavy, or tall for my age? I wish you a very Happy New Year.

Yours,

F. J.

You are stockily built, but you are not too heavy unless your flesh is soft; nor are you too tall. Thank you very much for your kind wish.

Halifax, N. S., Dec. 30, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am a reader of Frank Manley's Weekly. I send you my measurements: Age, 15 years; height, 4 feet 9 inches (bare feet); neck, 11 inches; chest, 26 inches expanded; right arm, 9½ inches; lower, 8½ inches; wrist, 5½ inches; thigh, 15¾ inches; calves, 10½ inches. What are my weak points and my good points? How can I build up my chest? Hoping to hear soon through your paper, I am,

Yours truly,

H. G. M.

Sorry, but your measurements are too incomplete; you do not state waist measurement, nor that for the chest normal. Build up your chest by deep breathing drills, bag-punching, passing the medicine ball, and, above all, by doing your best at distance running.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read every number of Frank Manley's Weekly, and think they are the best ever written. I would like to ask you a few questions: (1) I am bothered with catarrh and have been for a number of years. Can you tell me how to cure it? Sometimes I can hardly breathe through the nose. I have tried a number of medicines, but of no avail. (2) Would you kindly tell me the quickest way to put on flesh, for I am very thin—so very thin that I can count my ribs. I work in a cotton mill and have not much time to exercise. My parents do not believe in athletics. I really don't know what to do. I wish you would give me some advice. I remain an admirer of your weekly.

Ned

(1) Treatment of catarrh belongs to a physician, not to a physical trainer. Personally, I don't believe there is any real cure, but that the trouble may be greatly lessened by systematic physical training, proper diet and chewing of food, the free drinking of water between meals and plenty of time spent in the open air, always sleeping with a window partly open, too. (2) A diet largely of whole wheat, say shredded wheat, with proper chewing, will help you to put on weight; it is the catarrh, mainly, that keeps you thin. I am very, very sorry that your parents do not believe in physical training. Our President was a weakly boy, and physical training and outdoor life was all that saved him!

New York City, Jan. 4, 1906.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read all the Frank Manley weeklies, and think they are the best weekly published. Here are my measurements: Age, 15 years; weight, 120 pounds; height, 5 feet 3½ inches; chest normal, 28½ inches; expanded, 32½ inches; biceps, normal, 10 inches; expanded, 11½ inches; waist, 28 inches; wrist, 6¾ inches; neck, 14 inches; calves: right, 13¼ inches; left, 13 inches; thighs: right, 18 inches; left, 17½ inches; ankle, 9 inches. Are these measurements normal for my age? What are my weak points? What will I do for them? Tell me where I can get a good book on running. Thanking you in advance, I am,

Yours truly,

Young Carter.

Bully good measurements, except that the waist is a little too large. Back numbers of this weekly will supply you with all needed information on running at 5 cents a copy, postage free.

Danforth, Me., Jan. 2, 1906.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a reader of that excellent publication, Frank Manley's Weekly, I would like to ask a few questions: (1) Does Frank Manley intend to go to college and, if so, to what one? (2) Does he intend to travel any before going to college? (3) Do you intend to start another athletic weekly? Hoping to see these answered in Frank Manley's Weekly, I remain,

"A True Admirer of Frank Manley."

Thank you for your interest. The questions that you ask relate to the future policy of this weekly, and each will be answered as the time arises.

Buena Vista, Va., Jan. 4, 1906.

Dear Physical Director:

Not seeing any letters in the back of the book from our town I will take the pleasure to write a few lines in regard to Frank Manley's Weekly. I have read all the books from the first to the last, and I take pleasure in telling my friends that it is the best book published. Well, I will close with three cheers for Frank and Kitty and the whole club.

Yours truly,

Oscar Dudley.

P. S.—Hopling to see this in print, I remain,

O. C. D.

Thank you, indeed!

Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1906.

Dear Physical Director:

My sentiments are expressed in this toast:

Here's to Frank Manley,  
Who is brave and true;  
Here's to sweet little Kitty,  
Who is Frank's sweetheart.

Here's to dear old Hal,  
Who is Frank's lieutenant;  
Next comes Grace Scott,  
Whose hand Hal does seek.

Here's to loyal Joe,  
Who is ready to stand for Frank.  
Then comes little Fanny,  
Whose heart is full of affection for Joe.

Here's to little Jackets,  
Who is Frank's protegee.  
Next comes young Wallie,  
Who was once a weakling.

Here's to the Trouble Trio,  
Who are always seeking a little sport.  
Here's to the Bliff Twins,  
Who like a little bout.

Last of all, but none the less,

Let us all toast to dear old Woodstock,  
The home of these brave athletes,  
Who are lovers of square, manly sport.

Good-bye. I will sign,

Johnny Cannuck.

Thank you. This seems to cover the whole family.

Bull's Head, S. I., N. Y., Jan. 9, 1906.

Dear Physical Director:

Just finished No. 18 of Frank Manley's Weekly. I would be glad to have you answer a few questions for me. I am 13 years 2 months old; height, 5 feet 3 inches; weight, 106 pounds; waist, 29 inches; chest, normal, 30½ inches; expanded, 32 inches; wrist, 6 inches; forearm, 7½ inches; upper arm, 8½ inches; ankle, 9½ inches; calf, 13 inches; hips, 32½ inches; thigh, 18 inches; neck, 13 inches; shoulders, 14 inches. Can jump 6 feet 9 inches standing; run 100 yards, soft ground, in 13½ seconds; can chin eight times. (1) How are my measurements? (2) How can I increase my chest expansion? (3) How are my running, jumping and chinning performances?

Yours truly,

Staten Islander.

(1) Good, except too much waist and too little chest expansion. (2) Stick to drill described in No. 29 of The Young Athlete's Weekly. (3) Records satisfactory at your age.

Tustin, Mich., Dec. 28, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am a reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, and I think it is a very interesting book. I read No. 24, where Frank Manley's team played Alton. I think Manley is a great pitcher. In fact, he is a good, all-round athlete. What do you think of my measurements? Age, 17 years; weight, 163 pounds; forearm, 11 inches; biceps, left, 11½ inches; right, 12 inches; calves, 15 inches; wrists, 7½ inches; arm, from shoulder to tips of fingers, 26 inches; chest, normal, 33 inches; expanded, 41 inches; neck, 14 inches; height, 5 feet 9 inches; can sprint 100 yards in 14 seconds; waist, 24 inches; shoulders, 19 inches. I play baseball some, and like very much to pitch, but hurt my arm last winter, so that when I throw it pains my biceps. I can control the ball pretty good when I pitch slow, but when I use speed I lose control. (1) Have I any weak points? (2) What is good for my lame arm? (3) How can I learn to use speed and have good control? Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Yours truly,

Ray Stroud.

You are well built. Good speed and control combined in pitching can come in only one way—constant practice. Rub the lame muscles down with alcohol and witch-hazel just as soon as you are through pitching.

Houston, Tex., Dec. 28, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

As I am a reader of your weekly, and like it very much, I wish you would please answer a few questions for me. My measurements are as follows: Height, 5 feet 2½ inches; age, 15 years 2 months; biceps, 8¼ inches; calf, 11½ inches; ankle, 9½ inches; weight, about 100 pounds; from tip of my finger to armpit, 23 inches; chest, normal, 30 inches; shoulder to shoulder, 16 inches. (1) Do you think I am tall enough? (2) Do I weigh enough? (3) What are my weak points? (4) My strong ones? (5) What exercise should I take to improve myself? (6) What weight dumbbells should I use? (7) Is my arm too long? (8) What makes my side ache when I get through running a long distance? (9) What is good for it? Please answer these questions as soon as possible, and oblige,

Yours truly,

Eugene S. C.

You omit waist-line, chest expansion and neck girth, which leaves me very little on which to base a criticism. Your weight is about right. Your arm is not too long, and, if it were, you could not shorten it. Use two-pound bells and clubs. Take all-around exercise. The pain in side from running has been discussed often in these pages. It will vanish after a while if running is persisted in.



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